

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

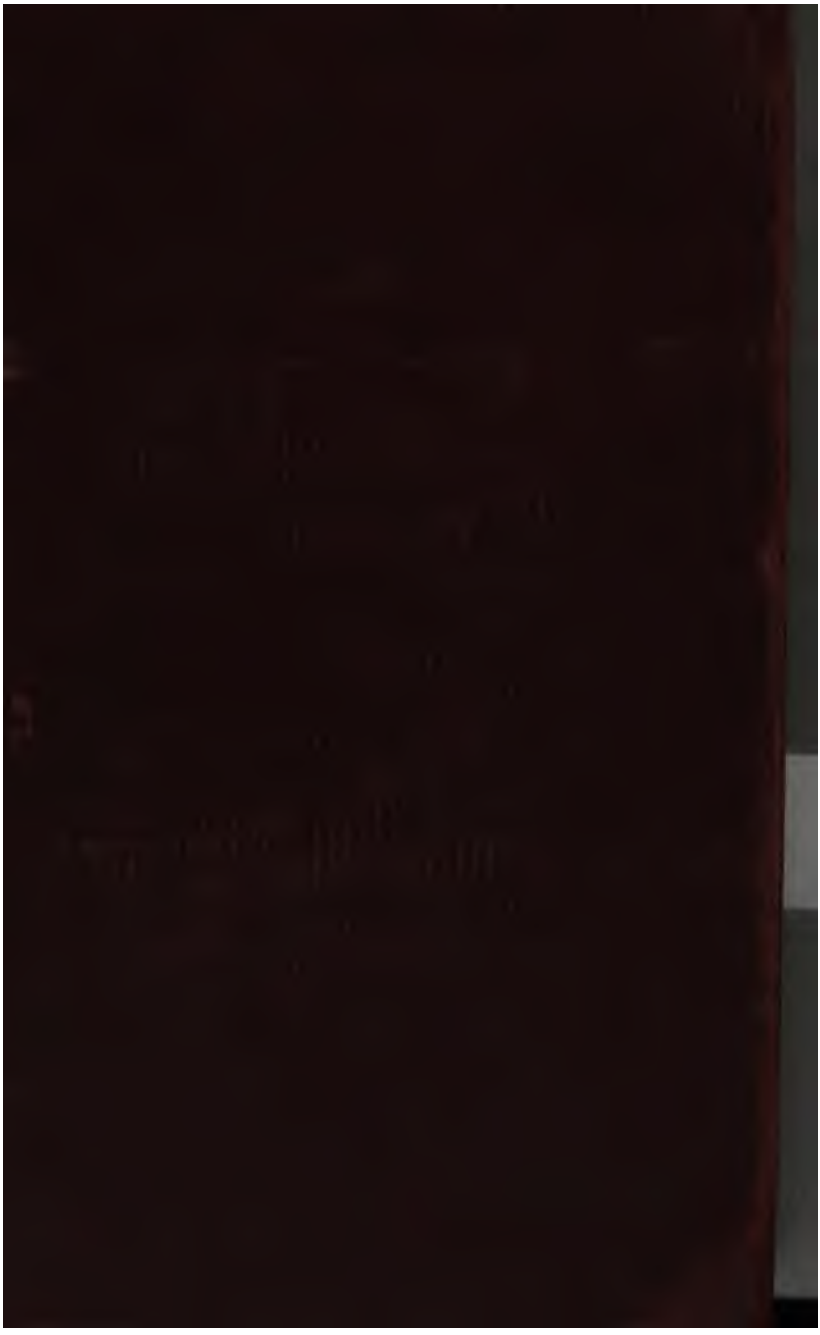
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



10418.32

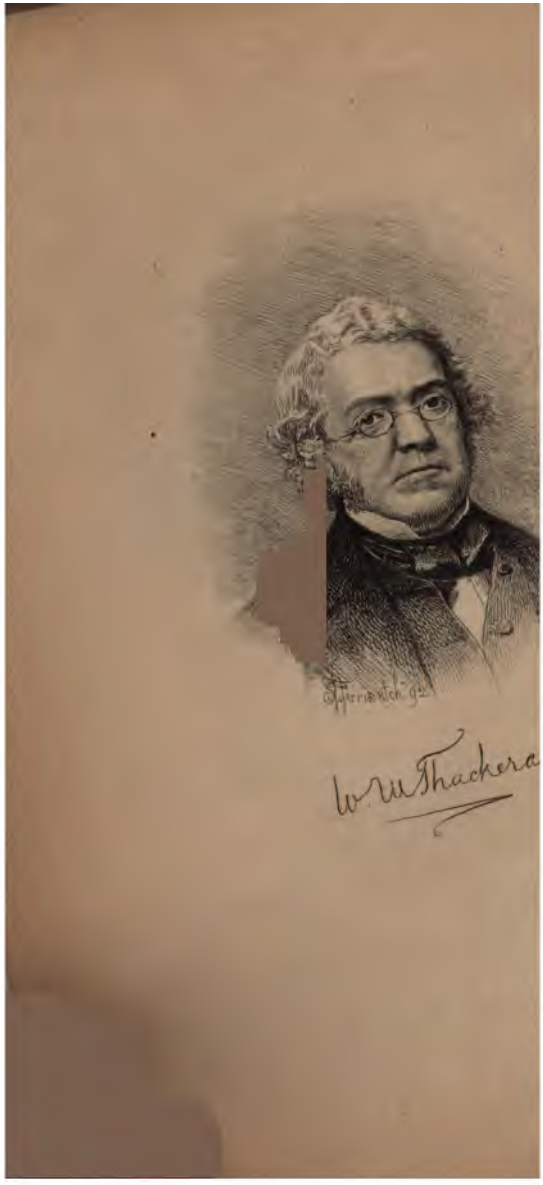
Harvard College Library

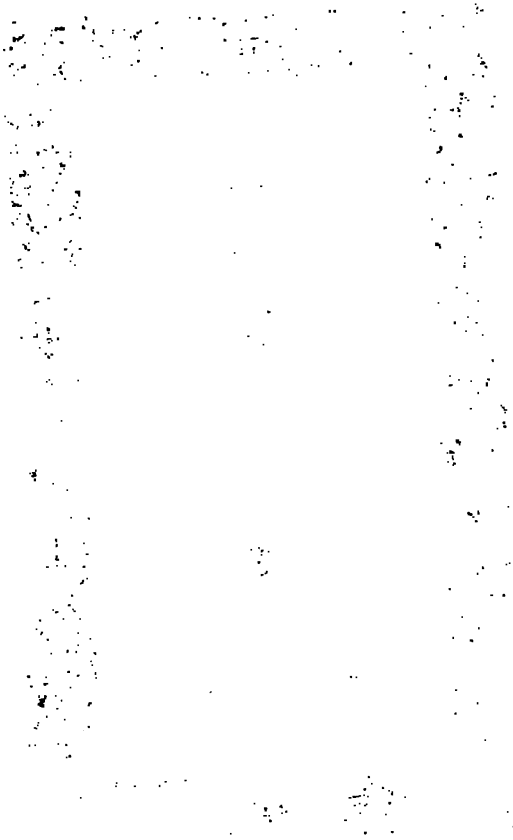


FROM THE

MARY OSGOOD FUND

"To purchase such books as shall be most needed for the College Library, so as best to promote the objects of the College."


W. M. Thackeray





Little Journeys

To the Homes of Good Men and Great

By

Elbert Hubbard



Published in New York and London by

G. P. Putnam's Sons

10418.32
4
HARVARD
NOV 18 1895
LIBRARY
Mary Osgood fund
BOSTON MAR 28 1911

COPYRIGHT, 1895
BY
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

The Knickerbocker Press, New Rochelle,

FOREWORD.

LITTLE JOURNEYS does not claim to be a "Guide" to the places described, nor a biography of the characters mentioned. The volume, at best, presents merely outline sketches: the background being washed in with impressions of the scenes and surroundings made sacred by the lives of certain "Good Men and Great."

Stray bits of information, "the feathers of lost birds," are here set down; various personal incidents are lightly detailed and some facts stated which have been told before.

If these random records of beautiful days spent in little journeys may brighten the pleasant recollections of a few of those who have already visited the places described, or add to the desire for further knowledge on the part of those who have not, the publication will have fully accomplished its mission.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
1	GEORGE ELIOT	1
2	THOMAS CARLYLE	29
3	JOHN RUSKIN	57
4	WM. E. GLADSTONE	81
5	J. M. W. TURNER	109
6	JONATHAN SWIFT	139
7	VICTOR HUGO	167
8	WM. WORDSWORTH	205
9	W. M. THACKERAY	231
10	CHARLES DICKENS	259
11	OLIVER GOLDSMITH	299
12	SHAKESPEARE	339

PORTRAITS

PAGE

W. M. THACKERAY . . . *Frontispiece.*
Etching by Ferris.

GEORGE ELIOT 1
From an etching taken from life.

THOMAS CARLYLE 29
From an engraving by A. W. Smith. Based on an original likeness in the possession of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

JOHN RUSKIN 59
Photogravure from an original photograph.

WM. E. GLADSTONE 81
From an original photograph.

J. M. W. TURNER 109
From a painting by Krämer.

JONATHAN SWIFT 139
From an engraving by Holl, of the Painting in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

VICTOR HUGO 167
From an original photograph.

WM. WORDSWORTH 205
From Cochran's engraving of the Painting by Boxall.

CHARLES DICKENS 259
Based on a sketch by Lawrence—drawn in 1838.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH 299
Based on the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

SHAKESPEARE 339
From Scriven's engraving of the picture in the possession of the Duke of Buckingham.



GEORGE ELIOT

I



" May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

— *The Choir Invisible.*





George Eliot



GEORGE ELIOT.

WARWICKSHIRE supplied to the world Shakespeare. It also gave George Eliot. No one will question but that Shakespeare's is the greatest name in English literature; and among writers living or dead, in England or out of it, no woman has ever shown us power equal to that of George Eliot in the subtle clairvoyance which divines the inmost play of passions, the experience that shows the human capacity for contradiction, and the indulgence that is merciful because it understands.

Shakespeare lived three hundred years ago. According to the records his father, in 1563, owned a certain house in Henley

street, Stratford-on-Avon. Hence we infer that William Shakespeare was born there. And in all our knowledge of Shakespeare's early life (or later) we prefix the words, "Hence we infer."

That the man knew all sciences of his day, and had enough knowledge of each of the learned professions so that all have claimed him as their own, we know.

He evidently was acquainted with five different languages and the range of his intellect was world-wide, but where did he get this vast erudition? We do not know, and we excuse ourselves by saying that he lived three hundred years ago.

George Eliot lived—yesterday, and we know no more about her youthful day than we do of that other child of Warwickshire.

One biographer tells us that she was born in 1819, another in 1820, and neither state the day; whereas a recent writer in the *Pall Mall Budget* graciously bestows on us the useful information that William Shakespeare was born on th

day of April, 1563, at fifteen minutes of two on a stormy morning."

Concise statements of facts are always valuable, but we have none such concerning the early life of George Eliot. There is even a shadow over her parentage, for no less an authority than the *American Cyclopedia Annual* for 1880, boldly proclaims that she was *not* a foundling and, moreover, that she was *not* adopted by a rich retired clergyman who gave her a splendid schooling. Then the writer dives into obscurity but presently reappears and adds that he does not know where she got her education. For all of which we are very grateful.

Shakespeare left five signatures, each written in a different way, and now there is a goodly crew who spell it "Bacon."

And likewise we do not know whether it is Mary Ann Evans, Mary Anne Evans, or Marian Evans, for she herself is said to have used each form at various times.

William Winter—gentle critic, poet, scholar—tells us that the Sonnets show a

dark spot in Shakespeare's moral record. And if I remember rightly similar things have been hinted at in sewing circles concerning George Eliot. Then they each found the dew and sunshine in London that caused the flowers of genius to blossom. The early productions of both were published anonymously, and lastly they both knew how to transmute thought into gold, for they died rich.

Lady Godiva rode through the streets of Coventry, but I walked—walked all the way from Stratford, by way of Warwick (call it Warrick, please) and Kenilworth Castle.

I stopped over night at that quaint & curious little inn just across from castle entrance. The good landlady me the same apartment that was occu by Sir Walter Scott when he came and wrote the first chapter of *worth*.

The little room had pretty, whi curtains tied with blue ribbon, a lar stuff draped the mirror. The

a big canopy affair—I had to stand on a chair in order to dive off into its feathery depths—everything was very neat and clean, and the dainty linen had a sweet smell of lavender. I took one parting look out through the open window at the ivy mantled towers of the old castle, which were all sprinkled with silver by the rising moon, and then I fell into gentlest sleep.

I dreamed of playing "I-spy" through Kenilworth Castle with Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Mary Ann Evans, and a youth I used to know in boyhood by the name of Bill Hursey. We chased each other across the drawbridge, through the portcullis, down the slippery stones into the donjon keep, around the moat, and up the stone steps to the topmost turret of the towers. Finally Shakespeare was "it," but he got mad and refused to play. Walter Scott said it was "no fair," and Bill Hursey thrust out the knuckle of one middle finger in a very threatening way and offered to "do" the boy from Strat-

ford. Then Mary Ann rushed in to still the tempest. There's no telling what would have happened had not the landlady just then rapped at my door and asked if I called. I awoke with a start and with the guilty feeling that I had been shouting in my sleep. I saw it was morning. "No—that is, yes; my shaving water, please."

After breakfast the landlady's boy offered to take me in his donkey cart to the birthplace of George Eliot for five shillings. He explained that the house was just seven miles north; but Balaam's express is always slow, so I concluded to walk. At Coventry a cab owner proposed to show me the house, which he declared was near Kenilworth, for twelve shillings. The advantages of seeing Kenilworth at the same time were dwelt upon at great length by cabby, but I harkened not to the voice of the siren. I got a good lunch at the hotel, and asked the innkeeper if he could tell me where George Eliot was born. He did not

know, but said he could show me a house around the corner where a family of Eliots lived.

Then I walked on to Nuneaton. A charming walk it was; past quaint old houses, some with strawthatched roofs, others tiled—roses clambering over the doors and flowering hedge-rows white with hawthorn flowers. Occasionally I met a farmer's cart drawn by one of those great, fat, gentle shire horses that George Eliot has described so well. All spoke of peace and plenty, quiet and rest. The green fields and the flowers, the lark-song and the sunshine, the dipping willows by the stream and the arch of the old stone bridge as I approached the village—all these I had seen and known and felt before from *Mill on the Floss*.

I found the house where they say the novelist was born. A plain, whitewashed stone structure, built two hundred years ago; two stories, the upper chambers low, with gable windows; a little garden at the side bright with flowers, where sweet

marjoram vied with onions and beets; all spoke of humble thrift and homely cares. In front was a great chestnut tree, and in the roadway near were two ancient elms where saucy crows were building a nest.

Here, after her mother died, Mary Ann Evans was housekeeper. Little more than a child—tall, timid, and far from strong—she cooked and scrubbed and washed, and was herself the mother to brothers and sisters. Her father was a carpenter by trade and agent for a rich land owner. He was a stern man—orderly, earnest, industrious, studious. On rides about the country he would take the tall hollow-eyed girl with him, and at such times he would talk to her of the great outside world where wondrous things were done. The child toiled hard but found time to read and question, and there is always time to think. Soon she had outgrown some of her good father's beliefs, and this grieved him greatly; so much, indeed, that her extra loving attention to his needs, in a hope to neu-

tralize his displeasure, only irritated him the more. And if there is soft subdued sadness in much of George Eliot's writing we can guess the reason. The onward and upward march ever means sad separation.

When Mary Ann was blossoming into womanhood her father moved over near Coventry, and here the ambitious girl first found companionship in her intellectual desires. Here she met men and women, older than herself, who were animated, earnest thinkers. They read and then they discussed, and then they spoke the things that they felt were true. Those eight years at Coventry transformed the awkward country girl into a woman of intellect and purpose. She knew somewhat of all sciences, all philosophies, and she had become a proficient scholar in German and French. How did she acquire this knowledge? How is any education acquired if not through effort prompted by desire?

She had already translated Strauss's

Life of Jesus in a manner that was acceptable to the author, when Ralph Waldo Emerson came to Coventry to lecture. He was entertained at the same house where Miss Evans was stopping. Her brilliant conversation pleased him, and when she questioned the wisdom of a certain passage in one of his essays the gentle philosopher turned, smiled, and said that he had not seen it in that light before; perhaps she was right.

"What is your favorite book?" asked Emerson.

"Rousseau's *Confessions*," answered Mary instantly.

It was Emerson's favorite, too; but such honesty from a young woman! It was queer.

Mr. Emerson never forgot Miss Evans of Coventry, and ten years after, when a zealous reviewer proclaimed her the greatest novelist in England, the sage of Concord said something that sounded like "I told you so."

Miss Evans had made visits to London

from time to time with her Coventry friends. When twenty-eight years old, after one such visit to London, she came back to the country tired and weary, and wrote this most womanly wish: "My only ardent desire is to find some feminine task to discharge; some possibility of devoting myself to some one and making that one purely and calmly happy."

But now her father was dead and her income was very scanty. She did translating, and tried the magazines with articles that generally came back respectfully declined.

Then an offer came as sub-editor of the *Westminster Review*. It was steady work and plenty of it, and this was what she desired. She went to London and lived in the household of her employer, Mr. Chapman. Here she had the opportunity of meeting many brilliant people: Carlyle, and his "Jeannie Welsh," the Martineaus, Grote, Mr. and Mrs. Mill, Huxley, Mazzini, Louis Blanc. Besides these were two young men who must

not be left out when we sum up the influences that evolved this woman's genius.

She was attracted to Herbert Spencer at once. He was about her age and their admiration for each other was mutual. Miss Evans, writing to a friend in 1852, says: "Spencer is kind, he is delightful, and I always feel better after being with him, and we have agreed together that there is no reason why we should not see each other as often as we wish." And then later she again writes: "The bright side of my life, after the affection for my old friends, is the new and delightful friendship which I have found in Herbert Spencer. We see each other every day and in everything we enjoy a delightful comradeship. If it were not for him my life would be singularly arid."

But about this time another man appeared on the scene, and were it not for this other man, who was introduced to Miss Evans by Spencer, the author of *Synthetic Philosophy* might not now be

spoken of in the biographical dictionaries as being "wedded to science."

It was not love at first sight, for George Henry Lewes made a decidedly unfavorable impression on Miss Evans at their first meeting. He was small, his features were insignificant, he had whiskers like an anarchist and a mouthful of crooked teeth; his personal habits were far from pleasant. It was this sort of thing, Dickens said, that caused his first wife to desert him and finally drove her into insanity.

But Lewes had a brilliant mind. He was a linguist, a scientist, a novelist, a poet, and a wit. He had written biography, philosophy, and a play. He had been a journalist, a lecturer, and even an actor. Thackeray declared that if he should see Lewes perched on a white elephant in Piccadilly he should not be in the least surprised.

After having met Miss Evans several times Mr. Lewes saw the calm depths of her mind and he asked her to correct

proofs for him. She did so and discovered that there was merit in his work. She corrected more proofs, and when a woman begins to assist a man the danger line is being approached. Close observers noted that a change was coming over the bohemian Lewes. He had his whiskers trimmed, his hair was combed, and the bright yellow necktie had been discarded for a clean one of modest brown, and, sometimes, his boots were blacked. In July, 1854, Mr. Chapman received a letter from his sub-editor resigning her position, and Miss Evans notified some of her closest friends that hereafter she wished to be considered the wife of Mr. Lewes. She was then in her thirty-sixth year.

The couple disappeared, having gone to Germany.

Many people were shocked. Some said "we knew it all the time," and when Herbert Spencer was informed of the fact he exclaimed "Goodness me!" and said —nothing.

After six months spent in Weimar and

other literary centres, Mr. and Mrs. Lewes returned to England and began housekeeping at Richmond. Any one who views their old quarters there will see how very plainly and economically they were forced to live. But they worked hard, and at this time the future novelist's desire seemed only to assist her husband. That she developed the manly side of his nature none can deny. They were very happy, these two, as they wrote, and copied, and studied, and toiled.

Three years passed, and Mrs. Lewes wrote to a friend: "I am very happy; happy with the greatest happiness that life can give—the complete sympathy and affection of a man whose mind stimulates mine and keeps up in me a wholesome activity."

Mr. Lewes knew the greatness of his helpmeet. She herself did not. He urged her to write a story; she hesitated, and at last attempted it. They read the first chapter together and cried over it.

Then she wrote more and always read her husband the chapters as they were turned off. He corrected, encouraged, and found a publisher. But why should I tell about it here? It's all in the *Britannica*—how the gentle beauty and sympathetic insight of her work touched the hearts of great and lowly alike, and of how riches began flowing in upon her. For one book she received $40,000, and her income after fortune smiled upon her was never less than $10,000 a year.

Lewes was her secretary, her protector, her slave, and her inspiration. He kept at bay the public that would steal her time, and put out of her reach, at her request, all reviews, good or bad, and shielded her from the interviewer, the curiosity seeker, and the greedy financier.

The reason why she at first wrote under a *nom de plume* is plain. To the great wallowing world she was neither Miss Evans nor Mrs. Lewes, so she dropped both names as far as title pages

were concerned and used a man's name instead—hoping better to elude the pack.

When *Adam Bede* came out a resident of Nuneaton purchased a copy and at once discovered local ear-marks. The scenes described, the flowers, the stone walls, the bridges, the barns, the people —all was Nuneaton. Who wrote it? No one knew, but it was surely some one in Nuneaton. So they picked out a Mr. Liggins, a solemn-faced preacher, who was always about to do something great, and they said "Liggins." Soon all London said "Liggins." As for Liggins, he looked wise and smiled knowingly. Then articles began to appear in the periodicals purporting to have been written by the author of *Adam Bede*. A book came out called *Adam Bede, Jr.*, and to protect her publisher, the public, and herself, George Eliot had to reveal her identity.

Many men have written good books and never tasted fame ; but few, like Liggins of Nuneaton, have become famous

by doing nothing. It only proves that some things can be done as well as others. This breed of men has long dwelt in Warwickshire; Shakespeare had them in mind when he wrote: "There be men who do a wilful stillness entertain with purpose to be dressed in an opinion of wisdom, gravity, and profound conceit . . . "

Lord Acton in an able article in the *Nineteenth Century* makes this statement:

"George Eliot paid high for happiness with Lewes. She forfeited freedom of speech, the first place among English women, and a tomb in Westminster Abbey."

The original dedication in *Adam Bede* reads thus: "To my dear husband, George Henry Lewes, I give the manuscript of a work which would never have been written but for the happiness which his love has conferred on my life."

Lord Acton of course assumes that this book would have been written, dedication

and all, just the same had Miss Evans never met Mr. Lewes.

Once there was a child called Romola. She said to her father one day, as she sat on his knee: "Papa, who would take care of me—give me my bath and put me to bed nights—if you had never happened to meet Mamma?"

. . . . . .

The days I spent in Warwickshire were very pleasant. The serene beauty of the country and the kindly courtesy of the people impressed me greatly. Having seen the scenes of George Eliot's childhood I desired to view the place where her last days were spent. It was a fine May-day when I took the little steamer from London Bridge for Chelsea.

A bird call from the dingy brick building where Turner died and two blocks from the old home of Carlyle is Cheyne Walk—a broad avenue facing the river. The houses are old, but they have a look of gracious gentility that speak of ease and plenty. High iron fences are in

front, but they do not shut off from view the climbing clematis and clusters of roses that gather over the windows and doors.

I stood at the gate of No. 4 Cheyne Walk and admired the pretty flowers, planted in such artistic carelessness as to beds and rows, then I rang the bell; an old pull-out affair with polished knob.

Presently a butler opened the door—a pompous, tall and awful butler, in serious black and side whiskers. He approached; came down the walk swinging a bunch of keys, looking me over as he came to see what sort of wares I had to sell.

"Did George Eliot live here?" I asked through the bars.

"Mrs. Cross lived 'ere and died 'ere, sir," came the solemn and rebuking answer.

"I mean Mrs. Cross," I added meekly; "I only wished to see the little garden where she worked."

Jeemes was softened. As he unlocked the gate he said: "We 'ave many wisit-

ers, sir ; a great bother, sir ; still, I always knows a gentleman when I sees one. P'r'aps you would like to see the 'ouse, too, sir. The missus does not like it much but I will take 'er your card, sir."

I gave him the card and slipped a shilling into his hand as he gave me a seat in the hallway.

He disappeared upstairs and soon returned with the pleasing information that I was to be shown the whole house and garden. So I pardoned him the myth about the missus, happening to know that at that particular moment she was at Brighton, sixty miles away.

A goodly, comfortable house it is, four stories, well kept, and much fine old carved oak in the dining-room and hallways ; fantastic ancient balusters, and a peculiar bay-window in the second-story rear that looked out over the little garden. Off to the north could be seen the green of Kensington Gardens and wavy suggestions of Hyde Park. This was George Eliot's workshop. There was a

table in the centre of the room and three low book-cases with pretty ornaments above. In the bay-window was the most conspicuous object in the room—a fine marble bust of Gœthe. This, I was assured, had been the property of Mrs. Cross, as well as all the books and furniture in the room. In one corner was a revolving case containing a set of *The Century Dictionary*, which Jeemes assured me had been purchased by Mr. Cross as a present for his wife a short time before she died. This caused my faith to waver a trifle and put to flight a fine bit of literary frenzy that might have found form soon in a sonnet.

In the front parlor I saw a portrait of the former occupant that showed "the face that looked like a horse." But that is better than to have the face of any other animal of which I know. Surely one would not want to look like a dog! Shakespeare hated dogs, but spoke forty-eight times in his plays in terms of respect and affection for a horse. Who

would not resent the imputation that one's face was like that of a sheep or a goat or an ox, and much gore has been shed because men have referred to other men as asses, but a horse! God bless you, yes.

No one has ever accused George Eliot of being handsome, but this portrait tells of a woman of fifty: calm, gentle, and the strong features speak of a soul in which to confide.

At Highgate, by the side of the grave of Lewes, rests the dust of this great and loving woman. As the pilgrim enters that famous old cemetery the first imposing monument seen is a pyramid of rare, costly porphyry. As you draw near, you read this inscription:

To the memory of
ANN JEWSON CRISP,
Who departed this life
Deeply lamented Jan. 20, 1889.
Also,
Her dog, Emperor.

Beneath these tender lines is a bas-

relief of as vicious a looking cur as ever evaded the dog tax.

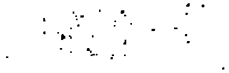
Continuing up the avenue, past this monument just noted, the kind old gardener will show you another that stands amid others much more pretentious. A small gray granite column, and on it, carved in small letters, you read:

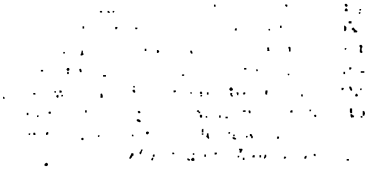
"Of those immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence."
Here rests the body of
"GEORGE ELIOT,"
(MARY ANN CROSS),
Born 22 November, 1819.
Died 22 December, 1880.

THOMAS CARLYLE

One comfort is that great men taken up in any way are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by it. He is the living fountain of life, which it is pleasant to be near. On any terms whatsoever you will not grudge to wander in his neighborhood for a while.

Heroes and Hero-Worship.







T. Carlyle



THOMAS CARLYLE.

I.

ON my way to Dumfries I stopped over night at Gretna Green, which, as all fair maidens know, is in Scotland just over the border from England.

To my delight I found that the coming of runaway couples to Gretna Green was not entirely a matter of the past, for the very evening I arrived a blushing pair came to the inn and inquired for a "meenister." The ladye faire was a little stout and the worthy swain several years older than my fancy might have wished, but still I did not complain. The landlord's boy was despatched to the rectory around the corner and soon returned with



T. Carlyle

tages of bonny Scotland, or who love to linger over *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, there is a touch of tender pathos in the picture. The stone floor, the bare white-washed walls, the peat smouldering on the hearth, sending out long fitful streaks, that dance among the rafters overhead, and the mother and son sitting there watching the coals—silent. The woman takes a small twig from a bundle of sticks, reaches over, lights it, applies it to her pipe, takes a few whiffs and passes the light to her son. Then they talk in low earnest tones of man's duty to man and man's duty to God.

And it was this mother who first applied the spark that fired Carlyle's ambition ; it was from her that he got the germ of those talents which have made his name illustrious.

Yet this woman could barely read and did not learn to write until her first-born had gone away from the home nest. Then it was that she sharpened a gray goose quill and labored long and pa-

tiently practicing with this instrument, (said to be mightier than the sword,) and with ink she herself had mixed—all that she might write a letter to her boy; and how sweetly, tenderly homely and loving are these letters as we read them today!

James Carlyle with his own hands built, in 1790, this house at Ecclefechan. The same year he married an excellent woman, a second cousin, by name Janet Carlyle. She lived but a year. The poor husband was heartbroken and declared, as many men under like conditions had done before and have done since, that his sorrow was inconsolable. And he vowed that he would walk through life and down to his death alone.

But it is a matter for congratulation that he broke his vow. In two years he married Margaret Aitken—a serving woman. She bore nine children. Thomas was the eldest and the only one who proved recreant to the religious faith of his fathers.

One of the brothers moved to Shiawassee County, Michigan, where I had the pleasure of calling on him, some years ago. A hard-headed man, he was: sensible, earnest, honest, with a stubby beard and a rich brogue. He held the office of school trustee, also that of pound master, and I was told that he served his township loyally and well.

This worthy man looked with small favor on the literary pretensions of his brother Tammas, and twice wrote him long letters expostulating with him on his religious vagaries. "I knew no good could come of it," sorrowfully said he, and so I left him.

But I inquired of several of the neighbors what they thought of Thomas Carlyle, and I found that they did not think of Thomas Carlyle at all. And I mounted my beast and rode away.

Thomas Carlyle was educated for the Kirk and it was a cause of much sorrow to his parents that he could not accept its beliefs. He has been spoken of as

England's chief philosopher, yet he subscribed to no creed, nor did he formulate one. However, in *Latter Day Pamphlets* he partially prepares a catechism for a part of the brute creation. He supposes that all swine of superior logical powers have a "belief," and as they are unable to express it he essays the task for them. The following are a few of the postulates in this creed of The Brotherhood of Latter-Day Swine:

"*Question.* Who made the Pig?

"*Answer.* The Pork-Butcher.

"*Question.* What is the Whole Duty of Pigs?

"*Answer.* It is the mission of Universal Pighood; and the duty of all Pigs, at all times, is to diminish the quantity of attainable swill and increase the unattainable. This is the Whole Duty of Pigs.

"*Question.* What is Pig Poetry?

"*Answer.* It is the universal recognition of Pig's wash and ground barley, and the felicity of Pigs whose trough has been set in order and who have enough.

"*Question.* What is justice in Pig-dom?

"*Answer.* It is the sentiment in Pig nature sometimes called revenge, indignation, etc., which if one Pig provoke another comes out in more or less destructive manner; hence laws are necessary—amazing quantities of laws—defining what Pigs shall not do.

"*Question.* What do you mean by equity?

"*Answer.* Equity consists in getting your share from the Universal Swine-Trough, and part of another's.

"*Question.* What is meant by 'your share'?

"*Answer.* My share is getting whatever I can contrive to seize without being made up into Side-meat."

I have slightly abridged this little extract and inserted it here to show the sympathy which Mr. Carlyle had for the dumb brute.

One of America's great men, in a speech delivered not long since, said:

"From Scotch manners, Scotch religion, and Scotch whiskey, good Lord deliver us."

My experience with these three articles has been somewhat limited; but Scotch manners remind me of chestnut burrs—not handsome without, but good within. For when you have gotten beyond the rough exterior of Sandy you generally find a heart warm, tender, and generous.

Scotch religion is only another chestnut burr, but then you need not eat the shuck if you fear it will not agree with your inward state. Nevertheless, if the example of royalty is of value, the fact can be stated that Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, is a Presbyterian. That is, she is a Presbyterian about one half the time—when she is in Scotland, for she is the head of the Scottish Kirk. When in England of course she is an Episcopalian. We have often been told that religion is largely a matter of geography, and here is a bit of something that looks like proof.

Of Scotch whiskey I am not competent to speak, so that subject must be left to the experts. But a Kentucky colonel at my elbow declares that it cannot be compared with the Blue Grass article; though I trust that no one will be prejudiced against it on that account.

Scotch intellect, however, is worthy of our serious consideration. It is a bold, rocky headland, standing out into the tossing sea of the Unknown. Assertive? Yes. Stubborn? Most surely. Proud? By all means. Twice as many pilgrims visit the grave of Burns as that of Shakespeare. Buckle declares "Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* has had a greater influence on civilization than any book ever writ—save none"; and the average Scotchman knows his Carlyle a deal better than the average American does his Emerson: in fact four times as many of Carlyle's books have been printed.

When Carlyle took time to bring the ponderous machinery of his intellect to bear on a theme, he saw it through and

through. The vividness of his imagination gives us a true insight into times long since gone by; it shows virtue her own feature, vice her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. In history he goes beyond the political and conventional—showing us the thought, the hope, the fear, the passion of the soul.

His was the masculine mind. The divination and subtle intuitions which are to be found scattered through his pages, like violets growing among the rank swale of the prairies, all these sweet odorous things came from his wife. She gave him her best thought and he greedily absorbed and unconsciously wrote it down as his own.

There are those who blame and berate: volumes have been written to show the inconsiderateness of this man toward the gentle lady who was his intellectual comrade. But they know not life who do this thing.

It is a fact that Carlyle never rushed to

pick up Jeannie's handkerchief. I admit that he could not bow gracefully; that he could not sing tenor, nor waltz, nor tell funny stories, nor play the mandolin; and if I had been his neighbor I would not have attempted to teach him any of these accomplishments.

Once he took his wife to the theatre; and after the performance he accidentally became separated from her in the crowd and trudged off home alone and went to bed forgetting all about her, but even for this I do not indict him. Mrs. Carlyle never upbraided him for this forgetfulness, neither did she relate the incident to anyone, and for these things I to her now reverently lift my hat.

Jeannie Welsh Carlyle had capacity for pain, as it seems all great souls have. She suffered—but then suffering is not all suffering and pain is not all pain.

Life is often dark, but then there are rifts in the clouds when we behold the glorious deep blue of the sky. Not a day passes but that the birds sing in the

branches, and the tree tops poise backward and forward in restful, rhythmic harmony, and never an hour goes by but that hope bears us up on her wings as the eagle does her young. And ever just before the year dies and the frost comes, the leaves take on a gorgeous hue and the color of the flowers then puts to shame for brilliancy all the plainer petals of spring time.

And I know Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle were happy, so happy, at times, that they laughed and cried for joy. Jeannie gave all and she saw her best thought used—carried further, written out and given to the world as that of another, but she uttered no protest.

Xantippe lives in history only because she sought to worry a great philosopher; we remember the daughter of Herodias because she demanded the head (not the heart) of a good man; Goneril and Regan because they trod upon the withered soul of their sire; Lady Macbeth because she lured her liege to murder;

Charlotte Corday for her dagger thrust; Lucretia Borgia for her poison; Sapphira for her untruth; Jael because she pierced the brain of Sisera with a rusty nail, (instead of an idea); Delilah for the reason that she deprived Samson of his source of strength; and in the *Westminster Review* for May, 1894, Ouida makes the flat statement that for every man of genius who has been helped by a woman ten have been dragged down. But Jeannie Welsh Carlyle lives in the hearts of all who reverence the sweet, the gentle, the patient, the earnest, the loving spirit of the womanly woman: lives because she ministered to the needs of a great man.

She was ever a frail body. Several long illnesses kept her to her bed for weeks, but she recovered from these, even in spite of the doctors who thoroughly impressed both herself and her husband with the thought of her frailty.

On April twenty-first, 1866, she called her carriage, as was her custom, and directed the driver to go through the park.

She carried a book in her hands, and smiled a greeting to a friend as the brougham moved away from the little street where they lived. The driver drove slowly—drove for an hour—two. He got down from his box to receive the orders of his mistress, touched his hat as he opened the carriage door, but no kindly eyes looked into his. She sat back in the corner as if resting; the shapely head a little thrown forward, the book held gently in the delicate hands, but the fingers were cold and stiff—Jeannie Welsh was dead—and Thomas Carlyle was alone.

II.

ALONG the Thames, at Chelsea, opposite the rows of quiet and well-kept houses of Cheyne Walk, is the "Embankment." A parkway it is of narrow green with gravelled walks, bushes, and trees, that here and there grow lush and lusty as if to hide the unsightly river from the good people who live across the street.

Following this pleasant bit of breathing space, with its walks that wind in and out among the bushes, one comes unexpectedly upon a bronze statue. You need not read the inscription : a glance at that shaggy head, the grave, sober, earnest look, and you exclaim under your breath, "Carlyle!"

In this statue the artist has caught with rare skill the look of reverie and repose. One can imagine that on a certain night,

as the mists and shadows of evening were gathering along the dark river, that the gaunt form, wrapped in its accustomed cloak, came stalking down the little street to the park, just as he did thousands of times, and taking his seat in the big chair fell asleep. In the morning the children that came to play along the river found the form in cold, enduring bronze.

At the play we have seen the marble transformed by love into beauteous life. How much easier the reverse—here where souls stay only a day!

Cheyne Row is a little alley-like street, running only a block, with fifteen houses on one side, and twelve on the other. These houses are all brick and built right up to the sidewalk. On the north side they are all in one block, and one at first sees no touch of individuality in any of them.

They are old, and solid, and plain—built for revenue only. On closer view I thought one or two had been painted, and

on one there was a cornice that set it off from the rest. As I stood on the opposite side and looked at this row of houses, I observed that Number Five was the dingiest and plainest of them all. For there were dark shutters instead of blinds, and these shutters were closed, all save one rebel that swung and creaked in the breeze. Over the doorway, sparrows had made their nests and were fighting and scolding. Swallows hovered above the chimney; dust, cobwebs, neglect were all about. And as I looked there came to me the words of Ursa Thomas:

"Brief, brawling day, with its noisy phantoms, its paper crowns, tinsel gilt, is gone; and divine, everlasting night, with her star diadems, with her silences and her verities, is come."

Here walked Thomas and Jeannie one fair May morning in 1834. Thomas was thirty-nine, tall and swarthy, strong; with set mouth and three wrinkles on his forehead that told of care and dyspepsia. Jeannie was younger; her face winsome,

just a trifle anxious, with luminous, gentle eyes, suggestive of patience, truth, and loyalty. They looked like country folks, did these two. They examined the surroundings, consulted together — the sixty pounds rent a year seemed very high! But they took the house, and T. Carlyle, son of James Carlyle, stonemason, paid rent for it every month for half a century, lacking three years.

I walked across the street and read the inscription on the marble tablet inserted in front of the house above the lower windows. It informs the stranger that Thomas Carlyle lived here from 1834 to 1881, and that the tablet was erected by the Carlyle Society of London.

I ascended the stone steps and scraped my boots on the well-worn scraper, made long, long ago by a blacksmith who is now dust, and who must have been a very awkward mechanic, for I saw where he made a misstroke with his hammer, probably as he discussed theology with a caller. Then I rang the bell and plied the

knocker and waited there on the steps for Jeannie Welsh to come bid me welcome, just as she did Emerson when he, too, used the scraper and plied the knocker and stood where I did then.

And my knock was answered—answered by a very sour and peevish woman next door, who thrust her head out of the window, and exclaimed in a shrill voice:

"Look 'ere, sir, you might as well go rap on the curbstone, don't you know; there's nobody livin' there, sir, don't you know."

"Yes, madam, that is why I knocked!"

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, if you use your heyes you'll see there's nobody livin' there, don't you know!"

"I knocked lest offence be given. How can I get in?"

"You might go in through the keyhole, sir, or down the chimney. You seem to be a little daft, sir, don't you know. But if you must get in perhaps it would be as well to go over to Mrs.

Brown's and brang the key," and she slammed down the window.

Across the street Mrs. Brown's sign smiled at me.

Mrs. Brown keeps a little grocery and bake shop and was very willing to show me the house. She fumbled in a black bag for the keys, all the time telling me of three Americans who came last week to see Carlyle's house, and "as how" they each gave her a shilling. I took the hint.

"Only Americans care now for Mr. Carlyle," plaintively added the old lady as she fished out the keys, "soon we will all be forgot."

We walked across the street and after several ineffectual attempts the rusty lock was made to turn. I entered. Cold, bare and bleak was the sight of those empty rooms. The old lady had a touch of rheumatism, so she waited for me on the door step as I climbed the stairs to the third floor. The noise-proof back room where *The French Revolution* was writ,

twice over, was so dark that I had to grope my way across to the window. The sash stuck and seemed to have a will of its own, like him who so often had raised it. But at last it gave way and I flung wide the shutter and looked down at the little arbor where Teufelsdröckh sat so often and wooed wisdom with the weed brought from Virginia.

Then I stood before the fire-place, where he of the Eternities had so often sat and watched the flickering embers. Here he lived in his loneliness and cursed curses that were prayers, and here for near five decades he read and thought and dreamed and wrote. Here the spirits of Cromwell and Frederick hovered; here that pitiful and pitiable long line of ghostly partakers in the Revolution answered to his roll call.

The wind whistled down the chimney grewsomely as my footfalls echoed through the silent chambers, and I thought I heard a sepulchral voice say:

"Thy future life! Thy fate is it, in-

deed! Whilst thou makest that thy chief question thy life to me and to thyself and to thy God is worthless. What is incredible to thee thou shalt not, at thy soul's peril, pretend to believe. Elsewhither for a refuge! Away! Go to perdition if thou wilt, but not with a lie in thy mouth, by the Eternal Maker, No!!"

I was startled at first, but stood still listening; then I thought I saw a faint blue cloud of mist curling up in the fireplace. Watching this smoke and sitting before it in gloomy abstraction was the form of an old man. I swept my hand through the apparition but still it stayed. My lips moved in spite of myself and I said:

"Hail! hardheaded man of granite-outcrop and heather, of fen and crag, of moor and mountain, and of bleak east wind, hail! Eighty-six years didst thou live. One hundred years lacking fourteen didst thou suffer, enjoy, weep, dream, groan, pray, and strike thy rugged breast! And

yet methinks that in those years there was much quiet peace and sweet content; for constant pain benumbs, and worry destroys, and vain unrest summons the grim messenger of death. But thou didst live and work and love; howbeit, thy touch was not always gentle, nor thy voice low; but on thy lips there was no lie, and in thy thought no concealment, and in thy heart no pollution.

"But mark! thou didst come out of poverty and obscurity: on thy battered shield there was no crest and thou didst leave all to follow truth. And verily she did lead thee a merry chase!

"Thou hadst no Past but thou hast a Future. Thou didst say: 'Bury me in Westminster, never! where the mob surges, cursed with idle curiosity to see the graves of kings and nobodies? No! Take me back to rugged Scotland and lay my tired form to rest by the side of an honest man—my father.'

"Thou didst refuse the Knighthood offered thee by royalty, saying 'I am not

the founder of the house of Carlyle and I have no sons to be pauperized by a title.'

"True, thou didst leave no sons after the flesh to mourn thy loss, nor fair daughters to bedeck thy grave with garlands, but thou didst reproduce thyself in thought, and on the minds of men thou didst leave thy impress. And thy ten thousand sons will keep thy memory green so long as men shall work, and toil, and strive, and hope."

The wind still howled. I looked out and saw watery clouds scudding athwart the face of the murky sky. The shutters banged, and shut me in the dark. I made haste to find the door, reached the stairway—slid down the banisters to where Mrs. Brown was waiting for me at the threshold.

We locked the door. She went across to her little bake shop and I stopped a passing policeman to ask the way to Westminster. He told me.

"Did you visit Carlyle's 'ouse?" he asked.

"Yes."

"With old Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, she waited for me in the doorway—she had the rheumatism so could not climb the stairs."

"The rheumatism—Huh! I see—you could n't 'ire 'er to go inside. Why, don't you know?—they say the 'ouse is 'aunted!"

LONDON, *August*, '94.

JOHN RUSKIN

Put roses in their hair, put precious stones on their breasts ; see that they are clothed in purple and scarlet, with other delights ; that they also learn to read the gilded heraldry of the sky ; and upon the earth be taught not only the labors of it but the loveliness.

DEUCALION.



J Ruskin.



JOHN RUSKIN.

AT Windermere a good friend told me that I must abandon all hope of seeing Mr. Ruskin; for I had no special business with him, no letters of introduction, and then the fact that I am an American made it final. Americans in England are supposed to pick flowers in private gardens, cut their names on trees, laugh boisterously at trifles, and make invidious comparisons. Very properly Mr. Ruskin does not admire these things.

Then Mr. Ruskin is a very busy man. Occasionally he issues a printed manifesto to his friends requesting them to give him peace. A copy of one such circular was shown to me. It runs, "Mr. J.

Ruskin is about to begin a work of great importance and therefore begs that in reference to calls and correspondence you will consider him dead for the next two months." A similar notice is reproduced in *Arrows of the Chace*, and this one thing, I think, illustrates as forcibly as anything in Mr. Ruskin's work the self-contained characteristics of the man himself.

Surely if a man is pleased to be considered "dead" occasionally, even to his kinsmen and friends, he should not be expected to receive an enemy with open arms to steal away his time. This is assuming, of course, that all individuals who pick flowers in other folks' gardens, cut their names on trees, and laugh boisterously at trifles, are enemies. I therefore decided that I would simply walk over to Brantwood, view it from a distance, tramp over its hills, row across the lake, and at nightfall take a swim in its waters. Then I would rest at the Inn for a space and go my way.

John Ruskin

Lake Coniston is ten miles from Grasmere, and even alone the walk is not long. If, however, you are delightfully attended by *King's Daughters* with whom you sit and commune now and then on the bankside, the distance will seem to be much less. Then there is a pleasant little break in the journey at Hawkshead. Here one may see the quaint old schoolhouse where Wordsworth when a boy dangled his feet from a bench and proved his humanity by carving his initials on the seat.

The Inn at the head of Coniston Water appeared very inviting and restful when I saw it that afternoon. Built in sections from generation to generation, half covered with ivy and embowered in climbing roses, it is an institution entirely different from the "Grand Palace Hotel" at Oshkosh. In America we have gongs that are fiercely beaten at stated times by gentlemen of color, just as they are supposed to do in their native Congo jungles. This din proclaims to the "guests" and

the public at large that it is time to come in and be fed. But this refinement of civilization is not yet in Coniston and the Inn is quiet and homelike. You may go to bed when you are tired, get up when you choose, and eat when you are hungry.

There were no visitors about when I arrived and I thought I would have the coffee room all to myself at luncheon time; but presently there came in a pleasant-faced old gentleman in knickerbockers. He bowed to me and then took a place at the table. He said that it was a fine day and I agreed with him, adding that the mountains were very beautiful. He assented, putting in a codicil to the effect that the lake was very pretty.

Then the waiter came for our orders.

"Together, I s'pose," remarked Thomas, inquiringly, as he halted at the door and balanced the tray on his finger tips.

"Yes, serve lunch for us together," said the ruddy old gentleman as he looked at me and smiled, "to eat alone is bad for the digestion."

I nodded assent.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Brantwood?" I asked.

"Oh, not far, just across the lake."

He arose and flung the shutter open so I could see the old yellow house about a mile across the water, nestling in its wealth of green on the hillside. Soon the waiter brought our lunch, and while we discussed the chops and new potatoes we talked Ruskiniana.

The old gentleman knew a deal more of *Stones of Venice* and *Modern Painters* than I; but I told him how Thoreau introduced Ruskin to America and how Concord was the first place in the New World to recognize this star in the East. And upon my saying this, the old gentleman brought his knife-handle down on the table, declaring that Thoreau and Whitman were the only two men of genius that America had produced. I begged him to make it three and include Emerson, which he finally consented to do.

By and by the waiter cleared the table

preparatory to bringing in the coffee. The old gentleman pushed his chair back, took the napkin from under his double chin, brushed the crumbs from his goodly front, and remarked:

"I 'm going over to Brantwood this afternoon to call on Mr. Ruskin—just to pay my respects to him, as I always do when I come here. Can't you go with me?"

I think this was about the most pleasing question I ever had asked me. I was going to request him to "come again" just for the joy of hearing the words, but I pulled my dignity together, straightened up, swallowed my coffee red hot, pushed my chair back, flourished my napkin, and said: "I shall be much pleased to go."

So we went. We two: he in his knickerbockers and I in my checks and outing shirt. I congratulated myself on looking no worse than he, and as for him, he never seemed to think our costumes were not exactly what they should be; and

after all it matters little how you dress when you call on one of nature's noblemen—they demand no livery.

We walked around the northern end of Coniston Water, along the eastern edge, past Tent House, where Tennyson once lived (and found it "outrageous quiet"), and a mile farther on we came to Brantwood.

The road curves in to the back of the house—which, by the way, is the front—and the driveway is lined with great trees that form a complete archway. There is no lodge-keeper, no flower beds laid out with square and compass, no trees trimmed to appear like elephants, no cast-iron dogs, nor terra cotta deer, and, strangest of all, no sign of the lawn-mower. There is nothing, in fact, to give forth a sign that the great Apostle of Beauty lives in this very old-fashioned spot. Big bowlders are to be seen here and there where nature left them, tangles of vines running over old stumps, part of the meadow cut close with a scythe, and

part growing up as if the owner knew the price of hay. Then there are flower beds where grow clusters of poppies and hollyhocks, purple, and scarlet, and white; prosaic gooseberry bushes, plain Yankee pieplant (from which the English make tarts), rue, and sweet marjoram, with patches of fennel, sage, thyme, and catnip, all lined off with boxwood, making me think of my grandmother's garden at Roxbury.

On the hillside above the garden we saw the entrance to the cave that Mr. Ruskin once filled with ice, just to show the world how to keep its head cool at small expense. He even wrote a letter to the papers giving the bright idea to humanity—that the way to utilize caves was to fill them with ice. Then he forgot all about the matter. But the following June when the cook, wishing to make some ice cream as a glad surprise for the Sunday dinner, opened the natural ice-chest, she found only a pool of muddy water, and exclaimed: "Botheration!"

Then they had custard instead of ice cream.

We walked up the steps, and my friend let the brass knocker drop just once, for only Americans give a rat-a-tat-tat, and the door was opened by a white-whiskered butler, who took our cards and ushered us into the library. My heart beat a trifle fast as I took inventory of the room; for I never before had called on a man who was believed to have refused the poet laureateship. A dimly lighted room was this library — walls painted brown, running up to mellow yellow at the ceiling. High bookshelves, with a step-ladder, and only five pictures on the walls, and of these three were etchings, and two water colors of a very simple sort. Leather covered chairs, a long table in the centre, on which were strewn sundry magazines and papers, also several photographs, and at one end of the room a big fireplace, where a yew log smouldered. Here my inventory was cut short by a cheery voice behind:

"Ah! now, gentlemen, I am glad to see you."

There was no time nor necessity for a formal introduction. The great man took my hand as if he had always known me, as perhaps he thought he had. Then he greeted my friend in the same way, stirred up the fire, for it was a north of England summer day, and took a seat by the table. We were all silent for a space—a silence without embarrassment.

"You were looking at the etching over the fireplace—it was sent to me by a young lady in America," said Mr. Ruskin, "and I placed it there to get acquainted with it. I like it more and more. Do you know the scene?" I knew the scene and explained somewhat about it.

Mr. Ruskin has the faculty of making his interviewer do most of the talking. He is a rare listener, and leans forward, putting a hand behind his right ear to get each word you say. He was particularly interested in the industrial conditions of America, and I soon found myself

"occupying the time," while an occasional word of interrogation from Mr. Ruskin gave me no chance to stop. I came to hear him, not to defend our "republican experiment," as he was pleased to call the United States of America. Yet Mr. Ruskin was so gentle and respectful in his manner, and so complimentary in his attitude of a listener, that my impatience at his want of sympathy for our "experiment" only caused me to feel a little heated.

"The fact of women being elected to mayoralities in Kansas makes me think of certain African tribes that exalt their women into warriors — you want your women to fight your political battles!"

"You evidently hold the same opinion on the subject of equal rights that you expressed some years ago," interposed my companion.

"What did I say—really I have forgotten?"

"You replied to a correspondent, saying: 'You are certainly right as to my

views respecting the female franchise. So far from wishing to give votes to women, I would fain take them away from most men.' "

"Surely that was a sensible answer. My respect for woman is too great to force on her increased responsibilities. Then as for restricting the franchise with men I am of the firm conviction that no man should be allowed to vote who does not own property, or who cannot do considerable more than read and write. The voter makes the laws, and why should the laws regulating the holding of property be made by a man who has no interest in property beyond a covetous desire; or why should he legislate on education when he possesses none! Then again women do not bear arms to protect the state."

"But what do you say to Mrs. Carlock, who answers that inasmuch as men do not bear children they have no right to vote: going to war possibly being necessary and possibly not, but the perpetuity of

the state demanding that some one bear children."

"The lady's argument is ingenious but lacks force when we consider that the bearing of arms is a matter relating to statecraft, while the baby question is Dame Nature's own, and is not to be regulated even by the sovereign."

Then Mr. Ruskin talked for nearly fifteen minutes on the duty of the state to the individual—talked very deliberately, but with the clearness and force of a man who believes what he says and says what he believes.

So my friend by a gentle thrust under the fifth rib of Mr. Ruskin's logic caused him to come to the rescue of his previously expressed opinions, and we had the satisfaction of hearing him discourse earnestly and eloquently.

Maiden ladies usually have an opinion ready on the subject of masculine methods, and, conversely, much of the world's logic on the "woman question" has come from the bachelor brain.

Mr. Ruskin went quite out of his way on several occasions in times past to attack John Stuart Mill for heresy "in opening up careers for women other than that of wife and mother." When Mill did not answer Mr. Ruskin's newspaper letters, the author of *Sesame and Lilies* called him a "cretinous wretch" and referred to him as "the man of no imagination." Mr. Mill may have been a cretinous wretch (I do not exactly understand the phrase), but the preface to *On Liberty*, is at once the tenderest, highest, and most sincere compliment paid to a woman, of which I know.

The life of Mr. and Mrs. John Stuart Mill shows that the perfect mating is possible; yet Mr. Ruskin has only scorn for the opinions of Mr. Mill on a subject which Mill came as near personally solving in a matrimonial "experiment" as any other public man of modern times, not excepting even Robert Browning. Therefore we might suppose Mr. Mill

entitled to speak on the woman question, and I intimated as much to Mr. Ruskin.

"He might know all about one woman, and if he should regard her as a sample of all womankind, would he not make a great mistake?"

I was silenced.

In *Fors Clavigera*, Letter LIX, the author says: "I never wrote a letter in my life which all the world is not welcome to read." From this one might imagine that Mr. Ruskin never loved—no pressed flowers in books, no passages of poetry double marked and scored, no bundles of letters faded and yellow, sacred for his own eye, tied with white or dainty blue ribbon; no little nothings hidden away in the bottom of a trunk. And yet Mr. Ruskin has his ideas on the woman question and very positive ideas they are too—often sweetly sympathetic and wisely helpful.

I see that one of the encyclopedias mentions Ruskin as a bachelor, which is giving rather an extended meaning

to the word, for although Mr. Ruskin married, he was not mated. According to Collingwood's account, this marriage was a quiet arrangement between parents. Anyway the genius is like the profligate in this: when he marries he generally makes a woman miserable. And misery is reactionary as well as infectious. Ruskin is a genius.

Genius is unique. No satisfactory analysis of it has yet been given. We know a few of its indications—that's all. First among these is ability to concentrate.

No seed can sow genius; no soil can grow it: its quality is inborn and defies both cultivation and extermination.

To be surpassed is never pleasant; to feel your inferiority is to feel a pang. Seldom is there a person great enough to find satisfaction in the success of a friend. The pleasure that excellence gives is oft tainted by resentment; and so the woman who marries a genius is usually unhappy.

Genius is excess: it is obstructive to little plans. It is difficult to warm your-

self at a conflagration; the tempest may blow you away; the sun dazzles; lightning seldom strikes gently; the Nile overflows. Genius has its times of straying off into the infinite and then what is the good wife to do for companionship? Does she protest, and find fault? It could not be otherwise, for genius is dictatorial without knowing it, obstructive without wishing to be, intolerant unawares and unsocial because it cannot help it.

The wife of a genius sometimes takes his fits of abstraction for stupidity, and having the man's interests at heart she endeavors to arouse him out of his lethargy by chiding him. Occasionally he arouses enough to chide back; and so it has become an axiom that genius is not domestic.

A short period of mismated life told the wife of Ruskin their mistake, and she told him. But Mrs. Grundy was at the keyhole, ready to tell the world, and so Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin sought to deceive society by pretending to live together. They kept up this appearance for six sor-

rowful years, and then the lady simplified the situation by packing her trunks and deliberately leaving her genius to his chimeras; her soul doubtless softened by the knowledge that she was bestowing a benefit on him by going away. The lady afterwards became the happy wife and helpmeet of a great artist.

Ruskin's father was a prosperous importer of wines. He left his son a fortune equal to a little more than one million dollars. But that vast fortune has gone—principal and interest—gone in bequests, gifts, and experiments; and to-day Mr. Ruskin has no income save that derived from the sale of his books. Talk about "Distribution of Wealth"! Here we have it.

The bread-and-butter question has never troubled John Ruskin except in his ever-ardent desire that others should be fed. His days have been given to study and writing from his very boyhood; he has made money, but he has had no time to save it.

John Ruskin

He has expressed himself on every theme that interests mankind excepting "housemaid's knee." He has written more letters to the newspapers than "Old Subscriber," "Fiat Justitia," "Indignant Reader," and "Veritas" combined. His opinions have carried much weight and directed attention into necessary lines; but perhaps his success as an inspirer of thought lies in the fact that his sense of humor exists only in a trace, as the chemist might say. Men who perceive the ridiculous would never have voiced many of the things which he has said.

Surely those Sioux Indians who stretched a hay lariat across the Union Pacific railroad in order to stop the running of trains had small sense of the ridiculous. But it looks as if they were apostles of Ruskin, every one.

Some one has said that no man can appreciate the beautiful who has not a keen sense of humor. For the beautiful is the harmonious, and the laughable is the absence of fit adjustment.

Mr. Ruskin disproves the maxim.

But let no hasty soul imagine that John Ruskin's opinions on practical themes are not useful. He brings to bear an energy on every subject he touches (and what subject has he not touched?) that is sure to make the sparks of thought fly. His independent and fearless attitude awakens from slumber a deal of dozing intellect, and out of this strife of opinion comes truth.

On account of Mr. Ruskin's at times refusing to see visitors, reports have gone abroad that his mind was giving way. Not so, for although he is seventy-four he is as serenely stubborn as he ever was. His opposition to new inventions in machinery has not relaxed a single pulley's turn. You grant his premises and in his conclusions you will find that his belt never slips, and that his logic never jumps a cog.

His life is as regular and exact as the trains on the Great Western, and his days are more peaceful than ever before.

He has regular hours for writing, study, walking, reading, eating, and working out of doors, superintending the cultivation of his hundred acres. He told me that he had not varied a half hour in two years from a certain time of going to bed or getting up in the morning. Although his form is bowed, this regularity of life has borne fruit in the rich russet of his complexion, the mild, clear eye, and the pleasure in living in spite of occasional pain, which you know the man feels. His hair is thick and nearly white ; the beard is now worn quite long and gives a patriarchal appearance to the fine face.

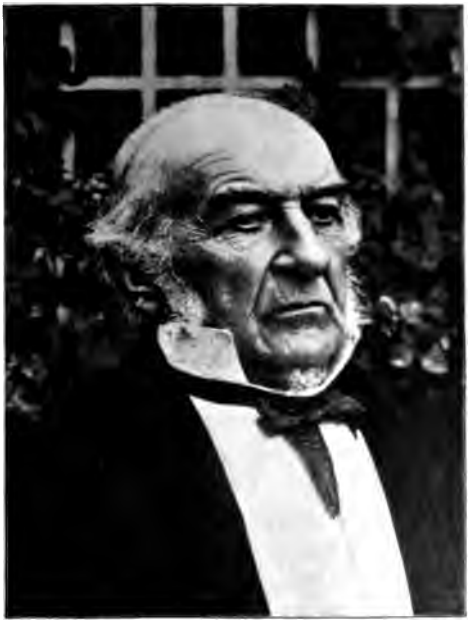
When we arose to take our leave Mr. Ruskin took a white felt hat from the elk antlers in the hallway and a stout stick from the corner, and offered to show us a nearer way back to the village. We walked down a footpath through the tall grass to the lake, where he called our attention to various varieties of ferns that he had transplanted there.

We shook hands with the old gentle-

man and thanked him for the pleasure he had given us. He was still examining the ferns when we lifted our hats and bade him good day. He evidently did not hear us, for I heard him mutter: "I verily believe those miserable Cook's tourists that were down here yesterday picked some of my ferns."

LIVERPOOL, Sept., '94.

WM. E. GLADSTONE

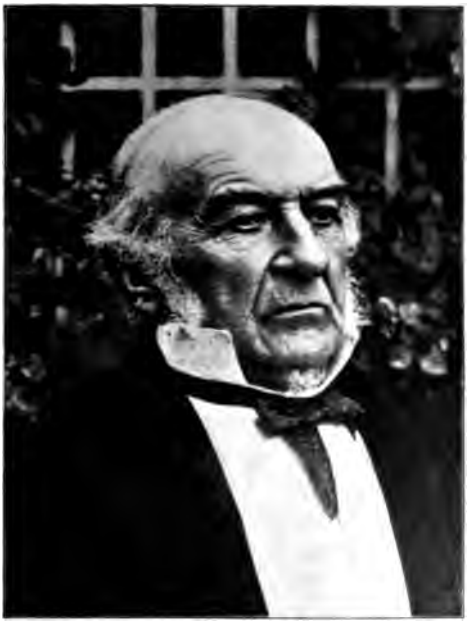


W. E. Gladstone

As the aloe is said to flower only once in a hundred years, so it seems to be but once in a thousand years that nature blossoms into this unrivalled product and produces such a man as we have here.

GLADSTONE—Lecture on Homer.





W. E. Gladstone



WM. E. GLADSTONE.

I.

AMERICAN travellers in England are said to accumulate sometimes large and unique assortments of lisps, drawls, and other very peculiar things. Of the value of these acquirements as regards their use and beauty, I have not room here to speak. But there is one adjunct which England has that we positively need, and that is "Boots." It may be that Boots is indigenous to England's soil and that when transplanted he withers and dies; perhaps there is a quality in our atmosphere that kills him. Anyway we have no Boots.

When trouble, adversity, or bewilder-

ment comes to the homesick traveller in an American hotel, to whom can he turn for consolation? Alas, the porter is afraid of the "guest," and all guests are afraid of the clerk, and the proprietor is never seen, and the Afri-Americans in the dining-room are stupid, and the chambermaid does not answer the ring, and at last the weary wanderer hies him to the barroom and soon discovers that the worthy "barkeep" has nothing to recommend him but his diamond pin. How different, yes, how different this would all be if Boots were only here!

At the quaint old city of Chester I was met at the "sti-shun" by the boots of that excellent though modest hotel which stands only a block away. Boots picked out my baggage without my looking for it, took me across to the Inn, and showed me to the daintiest, most homelike little room that I had seen for weeks. On the table was a tastefully decorated "jug," evidently just placed there in anticipation of my arrival, and in this jug

was a large bunch of gorgeous roses, the morning dew still on them.

When Boots had brought me hot water for shaving he disappeared and did not come back until, by the use of telepathy (for Boots is always psychic) I had sent him a message that he was needed. In the afternoon he went with me to get a draft cashed, then he identified me at the Post Office, and introduced me to a dignitary at the cathedral whose courtesy added greatly to my enjoyment of the visit.

The next morning after breakfast, when I returned to my room, everything was put to rights and a fresh bouquet of cut flowers was on the mantel. A good breakfast adds much to one's inward peace: I sat down before the open window and looked out at the great oaks dotting the green meadows that stretched away to the north, and listened to the drowsy tinkle of sheep bells as the sound came floating in on the perfumed breeze. I was thinking how good it was to be

here, when the step of Boots was heard in the doorway. I turned and saw that mine own familiar friend had lost a little of his calm self-reliance—in fact, he was a bit agitated, but he soon recovered his breath:

"Mr. Gladstone and 'is Lady 'ave just arrived, sir,—they will be 'ere for an hour before taking the train for Lunnon, sir. I told 'is clark there was a party of Americans 'ere that were very anxious to meet 'im and he will receive you in the parlor in fifteen minutes, sir."

Then it was my turn to be agitated. But Boots reassured me by explaining that the Grand Old Man was just the plainest, most unpretentious gentleman one could imagine; that it was not at all necessary that I should change my suit; that I should pronounce it Gladstun not Glad-stone, and that it was Harden not Ha-war-den. Then he stood me up, looked me over and declared that I was all right.

On going down-stairs I found that Boots had gotten together five Americans who

happened to be in the hotel. He introduced us to a bright little man who seemed to be the companion or secretary of the Prime Minister; he, in turn, took us into the parlor where Mr. Gladstone sat reading the morning paper and presented us one by one to the great man. We were each greeted with a pleasant word and a firm grasp of the hand, and then the old gentleman turned and with a courtly flourish said: "Gentlemen, allow me to present you to Mrs. Gladstone."

Mr. Gladstone was wise: he remained standing; this was sure to shorten the interview. A clergyman, with an impressive cough and bushy whiskers, in our party acted as spokesman and said several pleasant things, closing his little speech by informing Mr. Gladstone that Americans held him in great esteem, and that we only regretted that fate had not decreed that he should have been born in the United States.

Mr. Gladstone replied, "Fate is often

unkind." Then he asked if we were going to London. On being told that we were, he spoke for five minutes about the things we should see in the Metropolis. His style was not conversational, but after the manner of a man who was much used to speaking in public or receiving delegations. The sentences were stately, the voice rather loud and declamatory. His closing words were: "Yes, gentlemen, the way to see London is from the top of a 'bus—from the top of a 'bus, gentlemen." Then there was an almost imperceptible wave of the hand and we knew that the interview was ended. In a moment we were outside and the door was closed.

The five Americans who made up our little company had never met before, but now we were as brothers; we adjourned to a side room to talk it over and tell of the things we intended to say but did n't. We all talked and talked at once, just as people always do who have recently preserved an enforced silence.

"How ill-fitting was that gray suit!"

"Yes, the sleeves too long."

"Did you notice the absence of the forefinger of his left hand—shot off in 1845 while hunting, they say."

"But how strong his voice is!"

"He looks like a farmer."

"Eighty-five years of age! think of it, and how vigorous!"

Then the preacher spoke and his voice was sorrowful:

"Oh, but I made a botch of it—was it sarcasm or was it not?"

"What was sarcasm?"

"When Mr. Gladstone said that fate was unkind in not having him born in the United States!"

And we were all silent. Then Boots came in and we put the question to Boots, and Boots decided that it was not sarcasm. And the next day, when we went away, we rewarded Boots bountifully.

II.

GLADSTONE is England's glory. Yet there is no English blood in his veins: his parents were Scotch. Aside from Lord Brougham he is the only Scotchman who has ever taken a prominent part in British statecraft. The name as we first find it is Gled-Stane: "gled" being a hawk—literally, a hawk that lives among the stones. Surely the hawk is fully as respectable a bird as the eagle, and a goodly amount of granite in the clay that is used to make a man is no disadvantage. The name fits.

There are deep-rooted theories in the minds of many men (and still more women) that bad boys make good men, and that a dash of the pirate, even in a prelate, does not disqualify. But I wish to come to the defence of the Sunday-school

story-books and show that their very prominent moral is right after all: it pays to be "good."

William Ewart Gladstone was sent to Eton when twelve years of age. From the first his conduct was a model of propriety. He attended every chapel service, and said his prayers in the morning and before going to bed at night; he could repeat the catechism backwards or forwards, and recite more verses of Scripture than any boy in school.

He always spoke the truth. He never played "hookey"; nor, as he grew older, would he tell stories of doubtful flavor, or allow others to relate such in his presence. His influence was for good, and Cardinal Manning has said that there was less wine drunk at Oxford during the forties than would have been the case if Gladstone had not been there in the thirties.

He graduated from Christchurch with the highest possible honors the college could bestow, and at twenty-two he

seemed like one who had sprung into life full armed.

At that time he had magnificent health, a fine form, vast and varied knowledge, and a command of language so great that he was a master of forensics. His speeches were fully equal to his later splendid efforts. In feature he was handsome; the face bold and masculine; eyes of piercing lustre; and hair, that he tossed when in debate, like a lion's mane. He could speak five languages, sing tenor, dance gracefully, and was on more than speaking terms with many of the best and greatest men in England. Besides all this he was rich in British gold.

Now here is a combination of good things that would send most young men straight to perdition: not so Gladstone. He took the best care of his health, systematized his time as a miser might, listened not to the flatterers, and used his money only for good purposes. His intention was to enter the Church, but his father said, "Not yet," and half forced

him into politics. So at this early age of twenty-two he ran for Parliament, was elected, and practically has never been out of the shadow of Westminster Palace during these sixty-odd years.

At thirty-three he was a member of the Cabinet. At thirty-six his absolute honesty compelled him for conscience' sake to resign from the Ministry. His opponents then said, "Gladstone is an extinct volcano," and they have said this again and again, but somehow the volcano always breaks out in a new place, stronger and brighter than ever. It is difficult to subdue a volcano.

When twenty-nine he married Catherine Glynne, sister and heir of Sir Stephen Glynne, Bart. The marriage was most fortunate in every way. For over fifty years this most excellent woman has been his comrade, counsellor, consolation, friend—his wife. How can any adversity come to him who hath a wife? said Chaucer.

If this splendid woman had died, then

his opponents might truthfully have said, "Gladstone is an extinct volcano"; but she is still with him, and a short time ago, when he had to undergo an operation for cataract, this woman of eighty was his only nurse.

The influence of Gladstone has been of untold value to England. His ideals for national action have been high. To the material prosperity of the country he has added millions upon millions; he has made education popular, and schooling easy; his policy in the main has been such as to command the admiration of the good and great. But there are spots on the sun.

On reading Mr. Gladstone's books I find he has vigorously defended certain measures that seem unworthy of his genius. He has palliated human slavery as a "necessary evil"; has maintained the visibility and divine authority of the Church; has asserted the mathematical certainty of the historic episcopate; the mystical efficacy of the sacraments;

and vindicated the Church of England as the God-appointed guardian of truth.

He has fought bitterly any attempt to improve the divorce laws of England. Much has been done in this line even in spite of his earnest opposition, but we now owe it to Mr. Gladstone that there is on England's law books a statute providing that if a wife leaves her husband he can invoke a magistrate, whose duty it will then be to issue a writ and give it to an officer, who will bring her back. More than this, when the officer has returned the woman, the loving husband has the legal right to "reprove" her. Just what reprove means the courts have not yet determined; for in a recent decision, when a costermonger admitted having given his lady "a taste of the cat," the prisoner was discharged on the ground that it was only needed reproof.

I would not complain of this law if it worked both ways; but no wife can demand that the state shall return her "man" willy-nilly. And if she admin-

isters reproof to her mate, she does it without the sanction of the Queen.

However, in justice to Englishmen it should be stated that while this unique law still stands on the statute-books, it is very seldom that a man in recent years has stooped to invoke it.

On all the questions I have named, from slavery to divorce, Mr. Gladstone has used the "Bible argument." But as the years have gone by his mind has become liberalized, and on many points where he was before zealous he is now silent.

In 1841, he argued with much skill and ingenuity that Jews were not entitled to full rights of citizenship, but in 1847, acknowledging his error, he took the other side.

During the War of Secession the sympathies of England's Chancellor of the Exchequer were with the South. Speaking at Newcastle on October 9, 1862, he said: "Jefferson Davis has undoubtedly founded a new nation." But five years

passed, and he publicly confessed that he was wrong.

Here is a man who, if he should err deeply, is yet so great, that, like Cotton Mather, he might not hesitate to stand uncovered on the street corners and ask the forgiveness of mankind. Such men are saved by their enemies. Their own good and the good of humanity require that their balance of power shall not be too great. Had the North gone down, Gladstone might never have seen his mistake. In this instance and in many others he has not been the leader of progress, but its echo: truth has been forced upon him. His passionate earnestness, his intense volition, his insensibility to moral perspective, his blindness to the sense of proportion might have led him into dangerous excess and frightful fanatical error, if it were not for the fact that such men create an opposition that is their salvation.

To analyze a character so complex as Mr. Gladstone's requires the grasp of

genius. We speak of "the duality of the human mind," but here are half a dozen spirits in one. They rule in turn, and occasionally several of them struggle for the mastery.

When the Fisk Jubilee Singers visited England, we find Gladstone dropping the affairs of State to hear their music. He invited them to Hawarden, where he sang with them. So impressed was he with the negro melodies that he anticipated that idea which has since been materialized: the founding of a national school of music that would seek to perfect in a scientific way these soul stirring strains.

He might have made a poet of no mean order; for his devotion to spiritual and physical beauty has made him a life-long admirer of Homer and Dante. Those who have met him when the mood was upon him have heard him recite by the hour from the *Iliad* in the original. And yet the theology of Homer belongs to the realm of natural religion with which Mr. Gladstone has little patience.

Wm. E. Gladstone

A prominent member of the House of Commons once said: "The only two things that the Prime Minister really cares for are religion and finance." The statement comes near truth; for the chief element in Mr. Gladstone's character is his devotion to religion; and his signal successes have been in the line of economics. He believes in Free Trade as the gospel of social salvation. He revels in figures; he has price, value, consumption, distribution, import, export, fluctuation, all at his tongue's end, ready to hurl at any one who ventures on a hasty generalization.

And it is a significant fact that in his strong appeal for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the stress of his argument was put on the point that the Irish Church was not in the line of the apostolic succession.

Mr. Gladstone is grave, sober, earnest, proud, passionate, and at times romantic to a rare degree. He rebukes, refutes, contradicts, defies, and has a magnificent

capacity for indignation. He will roar you like a lion, his eyes will flash, and his clenched fist will shake as he denounces that which he believes to be error. And yet among inferiors he will consult, defer, inquire, and show a humility, a forced suavity that has given the caricaturist excuse.

In his home he is gentle, amiable, always kind, social, and hospitable. He loves deeply, and his friends revere him to a point that is but little this side of idolatry. And surely their affection is not misplaced.

Some day a Plutarch, without a Plutarch's prejudice will arise, and with malice toward none but charity for all, he will write the life of the statesman, Gladstone. Over against this he will write the life of an American statesman. The name he will choose will be that of one born in a log hut in the forest; who was rocked by the foot of a mother whose hands meanwhile were busy at her wheel; who had no schooling, no wise and influ-

ential friends; who had few books and little time to read; who knew no formal religion; who never travelled out of his own country; who had no helpmeet, but who walked solitary—alone, a man of sorrows; down whose homely furrowed face the tears of pity often ran, and yet whose name, strange paradox! stands in many minds as a symbol of mirth.

And when the master comes, who has the power to portray with absolute fidelity the greatness of these two men, will it be to the disadvantage of the American?

III.

THE village of Hawarden is in Flintshire, North Wales. It is seven miles from Chester. I walked the distance one fine June morning—out across the battle-field where Cromwell's army crushed that of Charles; and on past old stone walls and stately elms.

There had been a shower the night before but the morning sun came out bright and warm and made the rain drops glisten like beads as they clung to each leaf and flower. Larks sang and soared, and great flocks of crows called and cawed as they flew lazily across the sky. It was a time for silent peace, and quiet joy, and serene thankfulness for life and health.

I walked leisurely, and in a little over two hours reached Hawarden—a cluster of plain stone houses with climbing vines

and flowers and gardens that told of homely thrift and simple tastes. I went straight to the old stone church, which is always open, and rested for half an hour listening to the organ on which a young girl was practising, instructed by a white-haired old gentleman.

The church is dingy and stained inside and out by time. The pews are irregular, some curiously carved and all stiff and uncomfortable. I walked around and read the inscriptions on the walls, and all the time the young girl played and the old gentleman beat time and neither noticed my presence. One brass tablet I saw was to a woman "who for long years was a faithful servant at Hawarden Castle. Erected in gratitude by W. E. G." Near this was a memorial to W. H. Gladstone, son of the Premier, who died in 1891. Then there were inscriptions to various Glynnes and several others whose names appear in English history. I stood at the reading-desk where the great man has so often read, and marked the spot

where William Ewart Gladstone and Catherine Glynne knelt when they were married here fifty-six years ago.

A short distance from the church is the entrance to Hawarden Park. This fine property was the inheritance of Mrs. Gladstone; the park itself seems to belong to the public. If Mr. Gladstone were a plain citizen, people of course would not come by hundreds and picnic on his preserve, but serving the State he and his possessions belong to the people, and this democratic familiarity is rather pleasing than otherwise. So great has been the throng in times past, that an iron fence had to be placed about the ivy covered ruins of the ancient castle, to protect it from those who threatened to carry it away by the pocketful. A wall has also been put around the present "castle" (more properly house). This was done some years ago, I was told by the butler, after a torchlight procession of a thousand enthusiastic admirers had come down from Liverpool and tramped

Mrs. Gladstone's flowers into "smithereens."

The park contains many hundred acres, and is as beautiful as an English park can be, and this is praise superlative. Flocks of sheep wander over the soft green turf, and beneath the spreading trees are sleek cows, with big open eyes that seem used to visitors and come up to be petted.

Occasional signs are seen: "Please spare the trees." Some people suppose that this is an injunction which Mr. Gladstone himself has never observed. But when in his tree-cutting days, no monarch of the forest was ever felled without its case being fully tried by the entire household. Ruskin, once visiting at Hawarden, sat as judge, and after listening to the evidence gave sentence against several trees that were rotten at the core or over-shadowing their betters. Then the Prime Minister shouldered his faithful "snickersee" and went forth as executioner.

I looked in vain for stumps, and on inquiry was told that they were all dug out and the ground levelled so no trace was left of the offender.

The "lady of the house" at Hawarden is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. All accounts agree that she is a most capable and excellent woman. She is her father's "home secretary" and confidante, and in his absence takes full charge of the mail and looks after important business affairs. Her husband, the Rev. Harry Drew, is rector of Hawarden Church. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Drew and found him very cordial and perfectly willing to talk about the great man who is grandfather to his baby. We also talked of America and I soon surmised that Mr. Drew's ideas of "The States" were largely derived from a visit to the Wild West Show. So I put the question to him direct:

"Did you see Buffalo Bill?"

"Oh, yes."

"And did Mr. Gladstone go?"

"Not only once but three times, and he cheered as loudly as any boy."

The Gladstone residence is a great, rambling, stone structure to which additions have been made from one generation to another. The towers and battlements are merely architectural appendiculæ, but the effect of the whole, when viewed from a distance, rising out of its wealth of green and backed by the forest, is very imposing.

I entered only the spacious front hallway and one room—the library. Book shelves and books and more books were everywhere; several desks of different designs (one an American roll-top), as if the owner transacted business at one, translated Homer at another, and wrote social letters from a third. Then there were several large Japanese vases, a tiger skin, beautiful rugs, a few large paintings, and in a rack a full dozen axes and twice as many "sticks."

The whole place has an air of easy luxury, that speaks of peace and plenty,

of quiet and rest, of gentle thoughts and calm desires.

As I walked across toward the village the church bell slowly pealed the hour; over the distant valley night hovered; a streak of white mist, trailing like a thin veil, marked the passage of the murmuring brook. I thought of the grand old man over whose domain I was now treading, and my wonder was, not that one should live so long and still be vigorous, but that a man should live in such an idyllic spot, with love and books to keep him company, and yet grow old.

J. M. W. TURNER.

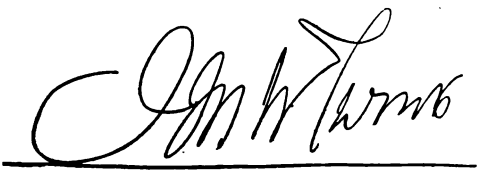
I believe that these works of Turner's are at their first appearing as perfect as those of Phidias or Leonardo; that is to say, *incapable of any improvement conceivable by human mind.*

JOHN RUSKIN.



John W. Lewis







J. M. W. TURNER.

THE beauty of the upper Thames with its fairy house-boats and green banks has been sung by poets, but rash is the minstrel who tunes his lyre to sound the praises of this muddy stream in the vicinity of Chelsea. As yellow as the Tiber and thick as the Missouri after a flood, it comes twice a day bearing upon its tossing tide a unique assortment of uncanny sights and sickening smells from the swarming city of men below.

Chelsea was once a country village six miles from London Bridge. Now the far-reaching arms of the metropolis have taken it as her own.

Chelsea may be likened to some rare

spinster, grown old with years and good works, and now having a safe home with a rich and powerful benefactress. Yet Chelsea is not handsome in her old age, and Chelsea was not pretty in youth, nor fair to view in middle life; but Chelsea has been the foster mother of several of the rarest and fairest souls who have ever made the earth pilgrimage.

And the greatness of genius still rests upon Chelsea. As we walk slowly through its winding ways, by the edge of its troubled waters, among dark and crooked turns, through curious courts, by old gateways and piles of steepled stone, where flocks of pigeons wheel, and bells chime, and organs peal, and winds sigh, we know that all has been sanctified by their presence. And their spirits abide with us, and the splendid beauty of their visions is about us. For the stones beneath our feet have been hallowed by their tread, and the walls have borne their shadows; so all mean things are transfigured and over all these

plain and narrow streets their glory gleams.

And it is the great men and they alone that can render a place sacred. Chelsea is now to the lovers of the Beautiful a sacred name, a sacred soil; a place of pilgrimage where certain gods of Art once lived, and loved, and worked, and died.

Sir Thomas More lived here and had for a frequent guest Erasmus. Hans Sloane began in Chelsea the collection of curiosities which has now developed into the British Museum. Bishop Atterbury, (who claimed that Dryden was a greater poet than Shakespeare), Dean Swift, and Dr. Arbuthnot, all lived in Church St.; Richard Steele just around the corner and Leigh Hunt in Cheyne Row; but it was from another name that the little street was to be immortalized.

If France constantly has forty Immortals in the flesh, surely it is a modest claim to say that Chelsea has three for all time: Thomas Carlyle, George Eliot, and Joseph Mallord William Turner.

The Haunts of

Turner's father was a barber. His youth was passed in poverty, and his advantages for education were very slight. And all this in the crowded city of London where merit may knock long and still not be heard, and in a country where wealth and title count for much.

When a boy, barefoot and ragged, he would wander away alone on the banks of the river and dream dreams about wonderful palaces and beautiful scenes; and then he would trace with a stick in the sands, endeavoring, with mud, to make plain to the eye the things that his soul saw.

His mother was quite sure that no good could come from this vagabondish nature, and she did not spare the rod, for she feared that the desire to scrawl and daub would spoil the child. But he was a stubborn lad with a pug nose and big, dreamy, wondering eyes and a heavy jaw; and when parents see that they have such a son they had better hang up the rod behind the kitchen door and lay aside force and

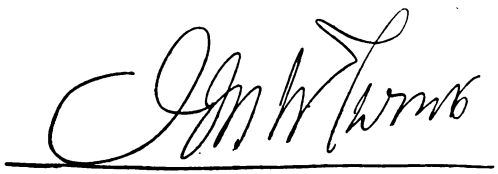
cease scolding. For love is better than a cat-o'-nine-tails and sympathy saves more souls than threats.

The elder Turner considered that the proper use of a brush was to lather chins. But the boy thought differently, and once surreptitiously took one of his father's brushes to paint a picture ; the brush on being returned to its cup was used the next day upon a worthy haberdasher, whose cheeks were shortly colored a vermilion that matched his nose. This lost the barber a customer and secured the boy a thrashing.

Young Turner did not always wash his father's shop windows well, nor sweep off the sidewalk properly. Like all boys he would rather work for some one else than "his folks."

He used to run errands for an engraver by the name of Smith—John Raphael Smith. Once when Smith sent the barber's boy with a letter to a certain art gallery with orders to "get the answer and hurry back, mind you!" the boy forgot





burst his shackles and cast loose from his idol. For in 1815 we find him working according to his own ideas, showing an originality and audacity in conception and execution that made him the butt of the critics, and caused consternation to rage through the studios of competitors.

Gradually it dawned upon a few scattered collectors that things so strongly condemned must have merit, for why should the pack bay so loudly if there were no quarry! So to have a Turner was at least something for your friends to discuss.

Then carriages began to stop before the dingy building at 47 Queen Anne St., and broadcloth and satin mounted the creaking stairs to the studio. It happened about this time that Turner's prices began to increase. Like the sibyl of old, if a customer said "I do not want it," the painter put an extra ten pounds on the price. For *Dido building Carthage* Turner's original price was five hundred pounds. People came to see the

picture and they said, "The price is too high." Next day Turner's price for the *Carthage* was one thousand pounds. Finally Sir Robert Peel offered the painter five thousand pounds for the picture, but Turner said he had decided to keep it for himself, and he did.

In the forepart of his career he sold few pictures; for the simple reason that no one wanted them. And he sold few pictures during the latter years of his life, for the reason that his prices were so high that none but the very rich could buy. First the public scorned Turner. Next Turner scorned the public. In the beginning it would not buy his pictures, and later it could not.

A frivolous public and shallow press from his first exhibition, when fifteen years of age, to his last, when seventy, made sport of his originalities. But for merit there is a recompense in sneers, and a benefit in sarcasms, and a compensation in hate: for when these things get too pronounced a champion appears.

And so it was with Turner. Next to having a Boswell write one's life what is better than a Ruskin to uphold one's cause!

Success came slowly; his wants were few, but his ambition never slackened, and finally the dreams of his youth became the realities of his manhood.

At twenty Turner loved a beautiful girl—they became engaged. He went away on a tramp sketching tour and wrote his lady-love just one short letter each month. He believed that "absence only makes the heart grow fonder," not knowing that this statement is only the vagary of a poet. When he returned the lady was betrothed to another. He gave the pair his blessing and remained a bachelor—a very confirmed bachelor.

Perhaps, however, the reason his *fiancée* proved untrue was not through lack of the epistles he wrote her, but on account of them. In the British Museum I examined several letters written by

Turner. They appeared very much like copy for a Josh Billings Almanac. Such originality in spelling, punctuation, and use of capitals! It was admirable in its uniqueness. Turner did not think in words—he could only think in paint. But the young lady did not know this, and when a letter came from her homely little lover she was shocked, then she laughed, then she showed these letters to a nice young man who was clerk to a fishmonger and he laughed, then they both laughed. Then this nice young man and this beautiful young lady became engaged, and they were married at St. Andrew's on a lovely May morning. And they lived happily ever afterward.

Turner was small, and in appearance plain. Yet he was big enough to paint a big picture, and he was not so homely as to frighten away all beautiful women. But Philip Gilbert Hamerton tells us: "Fortunate in many things, Turner was lamentably unfortunate in this: that throughout his whole life he never came

under the ennobling and refining influence of a good woman."

Like Plato, Michael Angelo, Sir Isaac Newton, and his own Claude Lorraine, he was wedded to his art. But at sixty-five his genius suddenly burst forth afresh, and his work, Mr. Ruskin says, at that time exceeded in daring brilliancy and in the rich flowering of imagination anything that he had previously done. Mr. Ruskin could give no reason, but rumor says: "A woman."

The one weakness of our hero, that hung to him for life, was the idea that he could write poetry. The tragedian always thinks he can succeed in comedy, the comedian spends hours in his garret rehearsing tragedy; most preachers have an idea that they could have made a quick fortune in business, and many business men are very sure that if *they* had taken to the pulpit there would now be fewer empty pews. So the greatest landscape painter of recent times imagined himself a poet. Hamerton says that



Turner's verse would serve well for remarkable specimens of grammar, spelling, and construction to be given to little boys to correct.

One spot in Turner's life over which I like to linger is his friendship with Sir Walter Scott. They collaborated in the production of *Provincial Antiquities* and spent many happy hours together tramping over Scottish moors and mountains. Sir Walter lived out his days in happy ignorance concerning the art of painting, and although he liked the society of Turner, he confessed that it was quite beyond his ken why people bought his pictures. "And as for your books," said Turner, "the covers of some are certainly very pretty."

Yet these men took a satisfaction in each other's society, such as brothers might enjoy, but without either appreciating the greatness of the other.

Turner's temperament was audacious, self-centred, self-reliant, eager for success and fame, yet at the same time scorn-

ing public opinion—a paradox often found in the artistic mind of the first class; silent always—with a bitter silence, disdaining to tell his meaning when the critics could not perceive it.

He was above all things always the artist, never the realist. The realist pictures the things he sees; the artist expresses that which he feels. Children, and all simple folk who use pen, pencil, or brush describe the things they behold. As intellect develops and goes more in partnership with hand, imagination soars and things are outlined that no man can see except he be able to perceive the invisible. To appreciate a work of art you must feel as the artist felt.

Now it is very plain that the vast majority of people are not capable of this high sense of sublimity which the creative artist feels; and therefore they do not understand, and not understanding they wax merry, or cynical, or sarcastic, or wrathful, or envious; or they pass by unmoved. And I maintain that those



who pass by unmoved are more righteous than they who scoff.

If I should attempt to explain to my little girl the awe I feel when I contemplate the miracle of maternity, she would probably change the subject by prattling to me about a kitten that she saw lapping milk from a blue saucer. If I should attempt to explain to some men what I feel when I contemplate the miracle of maternity, they would smile and turn it all into an unspeakable jest. Is not the child nearer to God than the man?

We thus see why Browning is only a joke to many, Whitman an eccentric, Dante insane, and Turner a pretender. These have all sought to express things which the many cannot feel, and consequently they have been, and are, the butt of jokes and jibes innumerable. "Except ye become as little children," etc.—And yet the scoffers are often people of worth. Nothing shows the limitation of humanity as this: genius often does not appreciate genius. The inspired,

strangely enough, are like the fools, they do not recognize inspiration.

An Englishman called on Voltaire and found him in bed reading Shakespeare.

"What are you reading?" asked the visitor.

"Your Shakespeare!" said the philosopher: and as he answered he flung the book across the room.

"He's not *my* Shakespeare," said the Englishman.

Greene, Rymer, Dryden, Warburton, and Dr. Johnson used collectively or individually the following expressions in describing the work of the author of *Hamlet:* conceit, overreach, word-play, extravagance, overdone, absurdity, obscurity, puerility, bombast, idiocy, untruth, improbability, drivel.

Byron wrote from Florence to Murray: "I know nothing of painting, and I abhor and spit upon all saints and so-called spiritual subjects that I see portrayed in these churches."

But the past is so crowded with vitu-

peration that it is difficult to select—besides that we do not wish to; but let us take a sample of arrogance from yesterday to prove our point and then drop the theme for something pleasanter.

Pew and pulpit have fallen over each other for the privilege of hitting Darwin; a Bishop warns his congregation that Emerson is "dangerous"; Spurgeon calls Shelley a sensualist; Dr. Buckley speaks of Susan B. Anthony as the leader of "the short-haired"; Talmage cracks jokes about evolution, referring feelingly to "monkey ancestry"; and a prominent divine of England writes the recent World's Congress of Religions down as "pious wax-works." These things being true, and all the sentiments quoted coming from "good" but blindly zealous men, is it a wonder that the Artist is not understood?

A brilliant picture called *Cologne—Evening*, attracted much attention at the Academy Exhibition of 1826. One day the people who so often collected

around Turner's work were shocked to see that the beautiful canvas had lost its brilliancy, and evidently had been tampered with by some miscreant. A friend ran to inform Turner of the bad news: "Don't say anything. I only smirched it with lampblack. It was spoiling the effect of Laurence's picture that hung next to it. The black will all wash off after the exhibition."

And his tender treatment of his aged father shows the gentle side of his nature. The old barber, whose trembling hand could no longer hold a razor, wished to remain under his son's roof in guise of a servant, but the son said: "No, we fought the world together, and now that it seeks to do me honor you shall share all the benefits." And Turner never smiled when the little wizened old man would whisper to some visitor: "Yes, yes, Joseph is the greatest artist in England, and I am his father."

Turner had a way of sending ten-pound notes in blank envelopes to artists in dis-

tress, and he did this so frequently that the news got out finally, but never through Turner's telling, and then he had to adopt other methods of doing good by stealth.

I do not contend that Turner's character was immaculate, but still it is very probable that worldlings do not appreciate what a small part of this great genius touched the mire.

To prove the sordidness of the man one critic tells, with visage awfully solemn, how Turner once gave an engraving to a friend and then after a year sent demanding it back. But to a person with a groat's worth of wit the matter is plain: the dreamy, abstracted artist who bumped into his next door neighbors on the street and never knew them, forgot he had given the picture and believed he had only loaned it. This is made still more apparent by the fact, that when he sent for the engraving in question, he administered a rebuke to the man for keeping it so long. The poor dullard who received the note flew into a rage—returned the picture—

sent his compliments and begged the great artist to "take your picture and go to the devil."

Then certain scribblers who through mental disease had lost the capacity for mirth, dipped their pen in aqua fortis and wrote of the "innate meanness," the "malice prepense," and the "Old Adam" which dwelt in the heart of Turner. No one laughed except a few Irishmen, and an American or two, who chanced to hear of the story.

Of Turner's many pictures I will mention in detail but two, both of which are to be seen on the walls of the National Gallery. First *The Old Temeraire.* This warship had been sold out of service and was being towed away to be broken up. The scene was photographed on Turner's brain, and he immortalized it on canvas. We cannot do better than to borrow the words of Mr. Ruskin:

"Of all pictures not visibly involving human pain this is the most pathetic ever painted.

J. M. W. Turner

"The utmost pensiveness which can ordinarily be given to a landscape depends on adjuncts of ruin, but no ruin was ever so affecting as the gliding of this ship to her grave. This particular ship, crowned in the Trafalgar hour of trial with chief victory—surely, if ever anything without a soul deserved honor or affection we owe them here. Surely some sacred care might have been left in our thoughts for her; some quiet space amid the lapse of English waters! Nay, not so. We have stern keepers to trust her glory to—the fire and the worm. Nevermore shall sunset lay golden robe upon her, nor starlight tremble on the waves that part at her gliding. Perhaps where the low gate opens to some cottage garden, the tired traveller may ask, idly, why the moss grows so green on the rugged wood; and even the sailor's child may not know that the night dew lies deep in the war rents of the old Temeraire."

The Burial of Sir David Wilkie at

Sea has brought tears to many eyes. Yet there is no burial. The ship is far away in the gloom of the offing; you cannot distinguish a single figure on her decks; but you behold her great sails standing out against the leaden blackness of the night and you feel that out there a certain scene is being enacted. And if you listen closely you can hear the solemn voice of the captain as he reads the burial service. Then there is a pause—a swift sliding sound—a splash and all is over.

Turner left to the British Nation by his will nineteen thousand pencil and water color sketches and one hundred large canvases. These pictures are now to be seen in the National Gallery in rooms set apart and sacred to Turner's work. For fear that it may be thought that the number of sketches mentioned above is a misprint, let us say that if he had produced one picture a day for fifty years, it would not equal the number of pieces bestowed by his will on the nation.

This of course takes no account of the

pictures sold during his lifetime, and, as he left a fortune of one hundred and forty-four thousand pounds ($720,000.00), we may infer that not all of his pictures were given away.

At Chelsea I stood in the little room where he breathed his last, that bleak day in 1851. The unlettered but motherly old woman who took care of him in those last days never guessed his greatness; none in the house or neighborhood knew.

To them he was only Mr. Booth, an eccentric old man of moderate means who liked to muse, read, and play with children. He had no callers, no friends; he went to the city every day and came back at night. He talked but little, he was absent-minded, he smoked and thought and smiled and muttered to himself. He never went to church; but once one of the lodgers asked him what he thought of God.

"God, God—what do I know of God, what does any one! He is our life—He is the All, but we need not fear Him—

all we can do is to speak the truth and do our work. To-morrow we go—where? I know not, but I am not afraid."

Of art, to these strangers he would never speak. Once they urged him to go with them to an exhibition at Kensington, but he smiled feebly as he lit his pipe and said, "An Art Exhibition? no, no, a man can show on a canvas so little of what he feels, it is not worth the while."

At last he died—passed peacefully away, and his attorney came and took charge of his remains.

Many are the hard words that have been flung off by heedless tongues about Turner's taking an assumed name and living in obscurity, but "what you call fault I call accent." Surely if a great man and world famous, desires to escape the flatterers and the silken mesh of so-called society and live the life of simplicity he has a right to do so. Again, Turner was a very rich man in his old age; he did much for struggling artists and assisted aspiring merit in many ways. So it came

about that his mail was burdened with begging letters, and his life made miserable by appeals from impecunious persons, good and bad, and from churches, societies, and associations without number. He decided to flee them all; and he did.

The *Carthage* mentioned on a former page is one of his finest works, and he esteemed it so highly that he requested that when death came his body should be buried, wrapped in its magnificent folds. But the wish was disregarded.

His remains rest in the crypt of St. Paul's, beside the dust of Reynolds. His statue, in marble, adorns a niche in the great cathedral, and his name is secure high on the roll of honor.

And if for no other reason the name and fame of Chelsea should be deathless as the home of Turner.

JONATHAN SWIFT



Jonat: Swift,

They are but few and meanspirited that live in peace with all men.

Tale of a Tub.





Jonat: Swift,



JONATHAN SWIFT.

I.

"OF writing books about Dean Swift there is no end," quoth Mr. Birrell. The reason is plain: of no other prominent writer who has lived during the past two hundred years do we know so much. His life lies open to us in many books. Boswell did not write his biography, but Johnson did. Then followed whole schools of little fishes, some of whom wrote like whales. But among the works of genuine worth and merit with Swift for a subject, we have Sir Walter Scott's nineteen volumes, and lives by Craik, Mitford, Forster, Collins, and Leslie Stephen.

The positive elements in Swift's character make him a most interesting subject

to men and women who are yet on earth, for he was essentially of the earth, earthy. And until we are shown that the earth is wholly bad, we shall find much to amuse, much to instruct, much to admire, aye, much to pity in the life of Jonathan Swift.

His father married when twenty. His income matched his years—it was just twenty pounds per annum. His wife was a young girl, bright, animated, intelligent.

In a few short months this girl carried in her arms a baby. This baby was wrapped in a tattered shawl and cried piteously from hunger, for the mother had not enough to eat. She was cold, and sick, and in disgrace. Her husband, too, was ill and sorely in debt. It was midwinter.

When spring came, and the flowers blossomed, and the birds mated, and warm breezes came whispering softly from the south and all the earth was glad, the husband of this child-wife was in his grave, and she was alone. Alone?

No; she carried in her tired arms the hungry babe and beneath her heart she felt the faint flutter of another life.

But to be in trouble and in Ireland is not so bad after all, for the Irish people have great and tender hearts and even if they have not much to bestow in a material way they can give sympathy, and they do.

So the girl was cared for by kind kindred and on Nov. 30th, 1667, at No. 7, Hoey's Court, Dublin, the second baby was born.

Only a little way from Hoey's Court is St. Patrick's Cathedral. On that November day, as the tones from the clanging chimes fell on the weary senses of the young mother there in her darkened room, little did she think that the puny bantling which she held to her breast would yet be the Dean of the great church whose bells she heard; and how could she anticipate a whisper coming to her from the far off future: "Of writing books about your babe there is no end"!

II.

THE man-child was given to an old woman to care for, and he had the ability, even then, it seems, to win affection. The foster mother loved him and she stole him away, carrying him off to England.

Charity ministered to his needs; charity gave him his education.

When Swift was twenty-one years old he went to see his mother. Her means were scanty to the point of hardship, but so buoyant was her mind that she used to declare that she was both rich and happy —and being happy she was certainly rich. She was a rare woman. Her spirit was independent, her mind cultivated, her manner gentle and refined, and she was endowed with a keen sense of humor.

From her the son derived those quali-

ties that have made him famous. No man is greater than his mother: but the sons of brave women do not always make brave men. In one quality Swift was lamentably inferior to his mother—he did not have her capacity for happiness. He had wit; she had humor.

We have seen how Swift's father sickened and died. The world was too severe for him, its buffets too abrupt, its burden too heavy, and he gave up the fight before the battle had really begun. This lack of courage and extreme sensitiveness are seen in the son. But so peculiar, complex, and wonderful is this web of life, that our very blunders, weaknesses, and mistakes are woven in and make the fabric stronger. If Swift had possessed only his mother's merits without his father's faults, he would never have shaken the world with laughter, and we should never have heard of him.

In her lowliness and simplicity the mother of Swift was content. She did her work in her own little way. She

smiled at folly, and each day she thanked Heaven that her lot was no worse: not so her son. He brooded in sullen silence; he cursed fate for making him a dependent, and even in his youth he scorned those who benefited him. This was a very human proceeding.

Many hate, but few have a fine capacity for scorn. Their hate is so vehement that when hurled it falls short. Swift's scorn was a beautifully winged arrow, with a poisoned tip. Some who were struck did not at the time know it.

His misanthropy defeated his purpose, thwarted his ambition, ruined his aims, and—made his name illustrious.

Swift wished for churchly preferment, but he had not the patience to wait. He imagined that others were standing in his way and of course they were; for under the calm exterior of things ecclesiastic there is often a strife, a jealousy, and a competition more rabid than in commerce. To succeed in winning a bishopric requires a sagacity as keen as that

required to become a Senator of Massachusetts or Governor of New York. The man bides his time, makes himself popular, secures advocates, lubricates the way, pulls the wires, and slides noiselessly into place.

Swift lacked diplomacy. When matters did not seem to progress he grew wrathful, seized his pen and stabbed with it. But as he wrote, the ludicrousness of the whole situation came over him and instead of cursing plain curses, he held his adversary up to ridicule! And this ridicule is so active, the scorn so mixed with wit, the shafts so finely feathered with truth, that it is the admiration of mankind. Vitriol mixed with ink is volatile. Then what? We just run Swift through a coarse sieve to take out the lumps of seventeenth century refuse and then we give him to children to make them laugh. Surely no better use can be made of pessimists.

Verily, the author of Gulliver wrote for one purpose, we use his work for another.

He wished for office, he got contempt; he tried to subdue his enemies, they subdued him; he worked for the present, and he won immortality.

Said Heinrich Heine, prone on his bed in Paris: "The wittiest sarcasms of mortals are only an attempt at jesting when compared with those of the great Author of the Universe—the Aristophanes of Heaven!"

Wise men over and over have wasted good ink and paper in bewailing Swift's malice and coarseness. But without these very elements which the wise men bemoan, Swift would be for us a cipher. Yet love is life and hate is death, so how can spite benefit? The answer is that in certain forms of germination, frost is as necessary as sunshine: so some men have qualities that lie dormant until the coldness of hate bursts the coarse husk of indifference.

But while hate may animate, only love inspires. Swift might have stood at the head of the Church of England, but even

if so he would be only a unit in a long list of names, and as it is, there is only one Swift. Mr. Talmage has recently told us that not ten men in America knew the name of the present Archbishop of Canterbury until his son wrote a certain book entitled *Dodo*. In putting out this volume, young Mr. Benson has not only given us the strongest possible argument favoring the celibacy of the clergy, but at the same time, if Brooklyn's noted preacher is right, he has made known his father's name.

In all of Swift's work save *The Journal to Stella* the animating motive seems to have been to confound his enemies ; and according to the well known line in that hymn sung wherever the Union Jack flies, we must believe this to be a perfectly justifiable ambition. But occasionally on his pages we find gentle words of wisdom that were meant evidently for love's eyes alone. There is much that is pure boyish frolic, and again and again there are clever strokes directed at folly.

He has shot certain superstitions through with doubt, and in his manner of dealing with error he has proved to us a thing which it were well not to forget: that pleasantry is more efficacious than vehemence.

Let me name one incident by way of proof—the well known one of Partridge, the almanac maker. This worthy cobbler was an astrologer of no mean repute. He foretold events with much discretion. The ignorant bought his almanacs and many believed in them as a bible,—in fact astrology was enjoying a "boom."

Swift came to London and found that the predictions of Partridge was the theme at the coffee-houses. He saw men argue and wax wroth, grow red in the face as they talked loud and long about nothing—just nothing. The whole thing struck Swift as being very funny; and he wrote an announcement of his intention to publish a rival almanac. He explained that he, too, was an astrologer, but an honest one, while Partridge was an im-

postor and a cheat; in fact, Partridge foretold only things which every one knew would come true. As for himself, he could discern the future with absolute certainty, and to prove to the world his power he would now make a prophecy. In substance it was as follows: "My first prediction is but a trifle, it relates to Partridge, the almanac maker. I have consulted the star of his nativity and find that he will die on the 29th day of March, next." This was signed, "Isaac Bickerstaff" and duly issued in pamphlet form. It had such an air of sincerity that both the believers and the scoffers read it with interest.

The 30th of March came and another pamphlet from "Isaac Bickerstaff" appeared announcing the fulfillment of the prophecy. It related how toward the end of March Partridge began to languish; how he grew ill and at last took to his bed, and, his conscience then smiting him, he confessed to the world that he was a fraud and a rogue, that all of his prophe-

cies were impositions: he then passed away.

Partridge was wild with rage and immediately replied in a manifesto declaring that he was alive and well and moreover was alive on March 29th.

To this "Bickerstaff" replied in a pamphlet more seriously humorous than ever, reaffirming that Partridge was dead, and closing with the statement that, "if an uninformed carcass still walks about calling itself Partridge, I do not in any way consider myself responsible for that."

The joke set all London on a grin. Wherever Partridge went he was met with smiles and jeers, and astrology became only a jest to a vast number of people who had formerly believed in it seriously.

When Benjamin Franklin started his *Poor Richard's Almanac*, twenty-five years later, in the first issue he prophesied the death of one Dart who set the pace at that time as almanac maker in

America. The man was to expire Oct. 17, 1733, at 3.29 P.M.

Dart, being somewhat of a joker himself came out with an announcement that he too had consulted the oracle and found he would live until Oct. 26th and possibly longer.

On Oct. 18th Franklin announced Dart's death and explained that it occurred promptly on time all as prophesied.

Yet Dart lived to publish many almanacs, but Poor Richard got his advertisement, and many staid broad-brimmed Philadelphians smiled who had never smiled before—not only smiled but subscribed.

Benjamin Franklin was a great and good man, as any man must be who fathers another's jokes, introducing these orphaned children to the world as his own.

Perhaps no one who has written of Swift knew him so well as Delany. And this writer, who seems to have possessed a judicial quality far beyond most

men, has told us that Swift was moral in conduct to the point of asceticism. His deportment was grave and dignified, and his duties as a priest were always performed with exemplary diligence. He visited the sick, regularly administered the sacraments, and was never known to absent himself from morning prayers.

When Harley was Lord Treasurer, Swift seems to have been on the topmost crest of the wave of popularity. Invitations from nobility flowed in upon him, beautiful women deigned to go in search of his society, royalty recognized him. And yet all this time he was only a country priest with a liking for literature.

Collins tells us that the reason of his popularity is plain: "Swift was one of the kings of the earth. Like Pope Innocent III., like Chatham, he was one to whom the world involuntarily pays tribute."

His will was a will of adamant; his intellect so keen that it impressed every one who approached him; his temper singu-

larly stern, dauntless, and haughty. But his wit was never filled with gayety: he was never known to laugh. Amid the wildest uproar that his sallies caused he would sit with face austere—unmoved.

Personally, Swift was a gentleman. When he was scurrilous, abusive, ribald, malicious, it was anonymously. Is this to his credit? I should not say so, but if a man is indecent and he hides behind a *nom de plume* it is at least presumptive proof that he is not dead to shame.

Leslie Stephen tells us that Swift was a Churchman to the backbone. No man who is a "Churchman to the backbone" is ever very pious: the spirit maketh alive but the letter killeth. One looks in vain for traces of spirituality in the Dean. His sermons are models of churchly commonplace and full of the stock phrases of a formal religion. He never bursts into flame. Yet he most thoroughly and sincerely believed in religion. "I believe in religion—it keeps the masses in check. And then I uphold Christianity because

if it is abolished the stability of the Church might be endangered," he said.

Philip asked the eunuch a needless question when he inquired: "Understandest thou what thou readest?" No one so poorly sexed as Swift can comprehend spiritual truth: spirituality and sexuality are elements that are never separated. Swift was as incapable of spirituality as he was of the "grand passion."

The Dean had affection; he was a warm friend; he was capable even of a degree of love, but his sexual and spiritual nature was so cold and calculating that he did not hesitate to sacrifice love to churchly ambition.

He argued that the celibacy of the Catholic clergy is a wise expediency. The bachelor physician and the unmarried priest have an influence among gentle womankind, young or old, married or single, that a benedict can never hope for. Why this is so might be difficult to explain, but discerning men know the fact. In truth, when a priest marries he

should at once take a new charge, for if he remains with his old flock a goodly number of his "lady parishioners," in ages varying from seventeen to seventy, will with fierce indignation rend his reputation.

Swift was as wise as a serpent, but not always harmless as a dove. He was making every effort to secure his mitre and crosier: he had many women friends in London and elsewhere who had influence. Rather than to run the risk of losing this influence he never acknowledged Stella as his wife. Choosing fame rather than love he withered at the heart, then died at the top.

The life of every man is a seamless garment—its woof his thoughts, its warp his deeds. When for him the roaring loom of time stops and the thread is broken, foolish people sometimes point to certain spots in the robe and say: "O why did he not leave that out!" not knowing that every action of man is a sequence from off fate's spindle.

Jonathan Swift

Let us accept the work of genius as we find it: not bemoaning because it is not better, but giving thanks because it is so good.

III.

FATHER O'Toole of Dublin is a well-fed, rollicking priest with a big round face, a double chin, and a brogue that you can cut with a knife.

My letter of introduction from Monseigneur Satolli caused him at once to bring in a large, suspicious black bottle and two glasses. Then we talked—talked of Ireland's wrongs and woman's rights and of all the Irishmen in America, whom I was supposed to know. We spoke of the illustrious Irishmen who had passed on, and I mentioned a name that caused the holy father to spring from his chair in indignation.

"Shwift is it! Shwift; no, me lad, don't go near him. He was the divil's own, the very worsht that ever followed the swish of a petticoat. No, no, if ye go

to his grave it 'ull bring ye bad luck for a year. It 's Tom Moore ye want, Tom was the bie. Arrah! now and it 's meself phat 'u 'll go wid ye."

And so the reverend father put on a long black coat and his St. Patrick's Day hat, and we started. We were met at the gate by a delegation of "shpalpeens" that had located me on the inside of the house and were lying in wait.

All American travellers in Ireland are supposed to be millionaires, and this may possibly explain the lavish attention that is often tendered them. At any rate, various members of the delegation wished "long life to the iligant 'merican gintleman" and hinted in unmistakable terms that pence would be acceptable. The holy father applied his cane vigorously to the ragged rears of the more presumptuous and bade them begone, but still they followed and pressed close about.

"Here, I'll show you how to get rid of the dirty gang," said his holiness. "Have ye a penny, I don't know?"

I produced a handful of small change, which the father immediately took and tossed into the street. Instantly there was a heterogeneous mass of young Hibernians piled up in the dirt in a grand struggle for spoils. It reminded me of football incidents I had seen at fair Harvard. In the meantime we escaped down a convenient alley and crossed the River Liffey to Old Dublin; inside the walls of the old city, through crooked lanes and winding streets that showed here and there signs of departed gentility but now told only of squalor, want, and vice, until we came to No. 12 Angier Street, a quaint, three-story brick building now used as a "public." In the wall above the door is a marble slab with this inscription: "Here was born Thomas Moore, on the 28th day of May, 1778." Above this in a niche is a bust of the poet.

Tom's father was a worthy greengrocer who, according to the author of *Lalla Rookh*, always gave good measure and full count. It was ever a cause of regret

to the elder Moore that his son did not show sufficient capacity to be safely trusted with the business.

The upper rooms of the house were shown to us by an obliging landlady. Father O'Toole had been here before and led the way to a snug little chamber and explained: In this room the future poet of Ireland was found under one of his father's cabbage leaves.

We descended to the neat little barroom with its sanded floor and polished glassware and shining brass. The holy father ordered 'arf and 'arf at my expense and recited one of Moore's ballads. The landlady then gave us Byron's "Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore." A neighbor came in. Then we had more ballads, more 'arf and 'arf, a selection from *Lalla Rookh* and various tales of the poet's early life, which possibly would be hard to verify.

And as the tumult raged the smoke of battle gave me opportunity to slip [illegible]ossed the street, turned down

one block, and entered St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Great, roomy, gloomy, solemn temple, where the rumble of city traffic is deadened to a faint hum:

"Without, the world's unceasing noises rise,
Turmoil, disquietude, and busy fears;
Within, there are the sounds of other years,
Thoughts full of prayer and solemn harmonies
Which imitate on earth the peaceful skies."

Other worshippers were there. Standing beside a great stone pillar I could make them out kneeling on the tiled floor. Gradually my eyes became accustomed to the subdued light, and right at my feet I saw a large brass plate set in the floor and on it only this:

Swift
Died Oct. 19, 1745
Aged 78

On the wall near is a bronze tablet, the inscription of which, in Latin, was dictated by Swift himself:

"Here lies the body of Jonathan Swift, Dean of this Cathedral, where fierce in-

dignation can no longer rend his heart. Go! wayfarer, and imitate, if thou canst, one who, as far as in him lay, was an earnest champion of liberty——"

Above this is a fine bust of the Dean and to the right is another tablet:

"Underneath lie interred the mortal remains of Mrs. Hester Johnson, better known to the world as 'Stella,' under which she is celebrated in the writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of this Cathedral. She was a person of extraordinary endowments and accomplishments, in body, mind, and behavior; justly admired and respected by all who knew her on account of her eminent virtues as well as for her great natural and acquired perfections."

These were suffering souls and great. Would they have been so great had they not suffered? Who can tell? Were the waters troubled in order that they might heal the people?

Did Swift misuse this excellent woman,

is a question that has been asked and answered again and again.

A great author has written:

"A woman, a tender, noble, excellent woman, has a dog's heart. She licks the hand that strikes her. And wrong nor cruelty nor injustice nor disloyalty can cause her to turn."

Death in pity took Stella first; took her in the loyalty of love and the fulness of faith from a world which for love has little recompense, and for faith small fulfillment.

Stella was buried by torchlight, at midnight, on the 30th day of January, 1728. Swift was sick at the time, and wrote in his journal: "This is the night of her funeral and I am removed to another apartment that I may not see the light in the church which is just over against my window." But in his imagination he saw the gleaming torches as their dull light shone through the colored windows and he said: "They will soon do as much for me."

But seventeen years came crawling by before the torches flared, smoked, and gleamed as the mourners chanted a requiem, and the clods fell on the coffin, and their echoes intermingled with the solemn voice of the priest as he said, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

In 1835 the graves were opened and casts taken of the skulls. The top of Swift's skull had been sawed off at the autopsy, and a bottle in which was a parchment setting forth the facts was inserted in the head that had conceived *Gulliver's Travels.*

I examined the casts. The woman's head is square and shapely. Swift's head is a refutation of phrenology, being small, sloping, and ordinary.

The bones of Swift and Stella were placed in one coffin and now rest under three feet of concrete, beneath the floor of St. Patrick's.

So sleep the lovers joined in death.

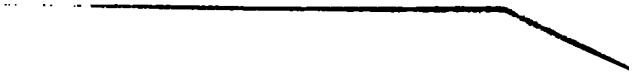
VICTOR HUGO.

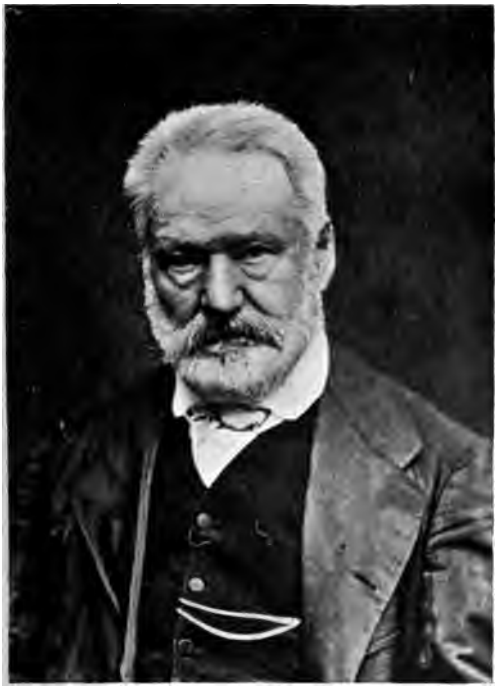
Man is neither master of his life nor of his fate. He can but offer to his fellow-men his efforts to diminish human suffering; he can but offer to God his indomitable faith in the growth of liberty.

VICTOR HUGO.



Victor Hugo





Victor Hugo

VICTOR HUGO.

I.

VICTOR HUGO was the third of three sons. His father was a general in the army of Napoleon, his mother a woman of rare grace and brave good sense. Six weeks before the birth of her youngest son she wrote to a very dear friend of her husband, this letter:

"To General Victor Lahorie,

"Citizen-General:

"Soon to become the mother of a third child, it would be very agreeable to me if you would act as its godfather. Its name shall be yours—one which you have not belied and one which you have so well

honored: Victor or Victorine. Your consent will be a testimonial of your friendship for us.

"Please accept, Citizen-General, the assurance of our sincere attachment.

"FEMME HUGO."

Victorine was expected, Victor came. General Lahorie acted as sponsor to the infant.

A soldier's family lives here or there, everywhere or anywhere. In 1808 General Hugo was with Joseph Bonaparte in Spain. Victor was then six years old. His mother had taken as a residence a quaint house in the Impasse of the Feullantines, Paris. It was one of those peculiar old places occasionally seen in France. The environs of London have a few; America none of which I know. This house, roomy, comfortable and antiquated, was surrounded with trees and a tangle of shrubbery, vines, and flowers; about it all was a high stone wall and in front a picketed iron gate. It was a mo-

saic—a sample of the sixteenth century inlaid in this; solitary as the woods; quiet as a convent; sacred as a forest; a place for dreams, and reverie, and rest. At the back of the house was a dilapidated little chapel. Here an aged priest counted his beads, said daily mass, and endeavored to keep moth, rust, and ruin from the house of prayer. This priest was a scholar, a man of learning: he taught the children of Madame Hugo.

Another man lived in this chapel. He never went outside the gate and used to take exercise at night. He had a cot bed in the shelter of the altar; beneath his pillow were a pair of pistols and a copy of Tacitus. This man lived there summer and winter, although there was no warmth save the scanty sunshine that stole in through the shattered windows. He too taught the children and gave them little lectures on history. He loved the youngest boy and would carry him on his shoulder and tell him stories of deeds of valor.

One day a file of soldiers came. They took this man and manacled him. The mother sought to keep her children inside the house so that they should not witness the scene, but she did not succeed. The boys fought their mother and the servants in a mad frenzy trying to rescue the old man. The soldiers formed in columns of four and marched their prisoner away.

Not long after, Madame Hugo was passing the church of St. Jacques du Haut Pas—her youngest boy's hand was in hers. She saw a large placard posted in front of the church. She paused and pointing to it said, "Victor, read that!" The boy read. It was a notice that General Lahorie had been shot that day on the plains of Grenville by order of a court marshal.

General Lahorie was a gentleman of Brittany. He was a Republican, and five years before had grievously offended the Emperor. A charge of conspiracy being proved against him, a price was placed

upon his head, and he found a temporary refuge with the mother of his godson.

That tragic incident of the arrest, and the placard announcing General Lahorie's death, burned deep into the soul of the manling, and who shall say to what extent it colored his future life!

When Napoleon met his downfall, it was also a Waterloo for General Hugo. His property was confiscated, and penury took the place of plenty.

When Victor was nineteen, his mother having died, the family life was broken up. In *Les Miserables* the early struggles of Marius are described; and this, the author has told us, may be considered autobiography. He has related how the young man lived in a garret; how he would sweep this barren room; how he would buy a pennyworth of cheese, waiting until dusk to get a loaf of bread and slink home as furtively as if he had stolen it; how carrying his book under his arm he would enter the butcher's shop and after being elbowed by jeering servants

till he felt the cold sweat standing out on his forehead, he would take off his hat to the astonished butcher and ask for a single mutton chop. This he would carry to his garret and cooking it himself, it would be made to last for three days.

In this way he managed to live on less than two hundred dollars a year, derived from the proceeds of poems, pamphlets, and essays. At this time he was already an "Academy Laureate," having received an honorable mention for a poem submitted in a competition.

In his twentieth year fortune came to him in triple form: he brought out a book of poems that netted him seven hundred francs; soon after the publication of this book, Louis XVIII., who knew the value of having friends who were ready writers, bestowed on him a pension of one thousand francs a year; then these two pieces of good fortune made possible a third—his marriage.

Early marriages are like late ones, they may be wise and they may not. Victor

Hugo's marriage with Adele Foucher was a most happy event.

A man with a mind as independent as Victor Hugo's is sure to make enemies. The "Classics" were positive that he was defiling the well of classic French, and they sought to write him down. But by writing a man up you cannot write him down; the only thing that can smother a literary aspirant is silence.

Victor Hugo coined the word when he could not find it, transposed phrases, inverted sentences, and never called a spade an agricultural implement. Not content with this, he put the spade on exhibition and this often at unnecessary times, and occasionally prefaced the word with an adjective. Had he been let alone he would not have done this.

The censors told him he must not use the name of Deity, nor should he refer so often to kings. At once he doubled his Topseys and put on his stage three Uncle Toms when one might have answered. Like Shakespeare, he used idioms and

slang with profusion—anything to express the idea. Will this convey the thought? If so, it was written down and once written, Beelzebub and all his hosts could not make him change it. But in the interest of truth let me note one exception:

"I do not like that word," said Mademoiselle Mars to M. Victor Hugo at a rehearsal of *Hernani;* "can I not change it?"

"I wrote it so and it must stand," was the answer.

Mlle. Mars used another expression instead of the author's, and he promptly asked her to resign her part. She wept, and upon agreeing to adhere to the text was reinstated in favor.

Rehearsal after rehearsal occurred and the words were repeated as written. The night of the performance came. Superb was the stage setting, splendid the audience. The play went forward amid loud applause. The scene was reached where came the objectionable word. Did Mlle.

Mars use it? Of course not; she used the word she chose—(she was a woman). Fifty-three times she played the part and she did not once use the author's pet phrase: and he was wise enough not to note the fact. The moral of this is that even a strong man cannot cope with a small woman who weeps at the right time.

The censorship forbade the placing of *Marion Delorme* on the stage until a certain historical episode in it had been changed. Would the author be so kind as to change it? Not he.

"Then it shall not be played," said M. de Martignac. The author hastened to interview the minister in person. He got a north pole reception. In fact, M. de Martignac said that it was his busy day, and that play-writing was foolish business anyway, but if a man were bound to write, he should write to amuse, not to instruct. And young Hugo was bowed out.

When he found himself well outside the door he was furious. He would see

the King himself. And he did see the King. His Majesty was gracious and very patient. He listened to the young author's plea, talked book lore, recited poetry, showed that he knew Hugo's verses, asked after the author's wife, then the baby, and—said that the play could not go on. Hugo turned to go. Charles X. called him back, and said that he was glad the author had called, in fact, he was about to send for him. His pension thereafter should be six thousand francs a year.

Victor Hugo declined to receive it. Of course the papers were full of the subject. All cafédom took sides: Paris had a topic for gesticulation and Paris improved the opportunity.

Conservatism having stopped this play, there was only one thing to do—write another; for a play of Victor Hugo's must be put upon the stage. All his friends said so; his honor was at stake.

In three weeks another play was ready. The censors read it and gave their report.

They said that *Hernani* was whimsical in conception, defective in execution; a tissue of extravagancies, generally trivial and often coarse. But they advised that it be put upon the stage just to show the public to what extent of folly an author could go. In order to preserve the dignity of their office they drew up a list of six places where the text should be changed.

Both sides were afraid, so each was willing to give in a point. The text was changed, and the important day for the presentation was drawing nigh. The Romanticists of course were anxious that the play should be a great success; the Classics were quite willing that it should be otherwise, in fact they had bought up the claque and were making arrangements to hiss it down. But the author's friends were numerous; they were young and lusty; they held meetings behind locked doors and swore terrible oaths that the play should go.

On the day of the initial performance,

five hours before the curtain rose, they were on hand, having taken the best seats in the house. They also took the worst, wherever a hisser might hide. These advocates of liberal art wore coats of green or red or blue, costumes like bull fighters, trousers and hats to match or not to match—anything to defy tradition. All during the performance there was an uproar. Theophile Gautier has described the event in most entertaining style, and in *L'Historie de Romanticisme* the record of it is found in detail.

Several American writers have touched on this particular theme, and all who have seen fit to write of it seem to have stood under umbrellas when God rained humor. One writer calls it "the outburst of a tremendous revolution in literature." He speaks of "smouldering flames," "the hordes that furiously fought entrenched behind prestige, age, caste, wealth, and tradition," "suppression and extermination of heresy," "those who sought to stop the onward

march of civilization," etc., etc. Let us be sensible. A "cane rush" is not a revolution, and "Bloody Monday" at Harvard is not "a decisive battle in the onward and upward march."

If *Hernani* had been hissed down, Victor Hugo would have lived just as long and might have written better. Civilization is not held in place by noisy youths in flaming waistcoats; and even if every cabbage had hit its mark, and every egg bespattered its target, the morning stars would still sing together.

The Hunchback of Notre Dame was next turned out—written in five months—and was a great success. Publishers besieged the author for another story, but he preferred poetry. It was thirty years before his next novel, *Les Miserables*, appeared. But all the time he wrote—plays, verses, essays, pamphlets. Everything that he penned was widely read. Amid storms of opposition and cries of bravo, continually making friends, he moved steadily forward.

Men like Victor Hugo can be killed or they may be banished, but they cannot be bought; neither can they be intimidated into silence. He resigned his pension and boldly expressed himself in his own way.

He knew history by heart and toyed with it; politics was his delight. But it is a mistake to call him a statesman. He was bold to rashness, impulsive, impatient, and vehement. Because a man is great is no reason why he should be proclaimed perfect. Such men as Victor Hugo need no veneer—the truth will answer: he would explode a keg of powder to kill a fly. He was an agitator. But these zealous souls are needed; not to govern nor to be blindly followed, but to make other men think for themselves. Yet to do this in a monarchy is not safe.

The years passed and the time came for either Hugo or Royalty to go; France was not large enough for both. It proved to be Hugo; a bounty of twenty-five thousand francs was offered for his body,

dead or alive. Through a woman's devotion he escaped to Brussels. He was driven from there to Jersey, then to Guernsey.

It was nineteen years before he returned to Paris—years of banishment, but years of glory. Exiled by fate that he might do his work !

II.

EACH day a steamer starts from Southampton for Guernsey, Alderney, and Jersey. These are names known to countless farmers' boys the wide world over.

You cannot mistake the Channel Island boats—they smell like a county fair, and though you be blind and deaf it is impossible to board the wrong craft. Every time one of these staunch little steamers lands in England, crates containing mild-eyed, lusty calves are slid down the gang-plank, marked for Maine, Iowa, California, or some uttermost part of the earth. There his vealship (worth his weight in gold) is going to found a kingdom.

I stood on the dock watching the bovine passengers disembark ; and furtively listened the while to an animated argu-

ment between two rather rough looking, red faced men, clothed in corduroys and carrying long, stout staffs. Mixed up in their conversation I caught the names of royalty; then of celebrities great, and artists famous—warriors, orators, philanthropists, and musicians. Could it be possible that these rustics were poets? It must be so. And there came to me thoughts of Thoreau, Walt Whitman, Joaquin Miller, and all that sublime company of singers in shirt-sleeves.

Suddenly the wind veered and the veil fell: all of the sacred names so freely bandied about were those of "families" with mighty milk records.

When we went on board and the good ship was slipping down The Solent, I made the acquaintance of these men and was regaled with more cow talk than I had heard since I left Texas.

We saw the island of Portsea, where Dickens was born, and got a glimpse of the spires of Portsmouth as we passed; then came the Isle of Wight and the quaint

town of Cowes. I made a bright joke on the latter place as it was pointed out to me by my Jersey friend, but it went for naught.

A pleasant sail of eight hours and the towering cliffs of Guernsey came in sight. Foam dashed and spray covered they rise right out of the sea at the south, to the height of two hundred and seventy feet. About them great flocks of sea-fowl hover, swirl, and soar. Wild, rugged, and romantic is the scene.

The Isle of Guernsey is nine miles long and six wide. Its principal town is St. Peter Port, a place of about sixteen thousand inhabitants, where a full dozen hotel porters meet the incoming steamer and struggle for your baggage.

Hotels and boarding houses here are numerous and good. Guernsey is a favorite resort for invalids and those who desire to flee the busy world for a space. In fact, the author of *Les Miserables* has made exile popular.

Emerging from my hotel at St. Peter

Port I was accosted by a small edition of Gavroche, all in tatters, who proposed showing me the way to Hauteville House for a penny. I already knew the route, but accepted the offer on Gavroche's promise to reveal to me a secret about the place. The secret is this : The house is haunted and when the wind is east, and the setting moon shows only a narrow rim above the rocks, ghosts come and dance a solemn minuet on the glass roof above the study.

Had Gavroche ever seen them? No, but he knew a boy who had. Years and years—ever so many years ago—before there were any steamboats, and when only a schooner came to Guernsey once a week a woman was murdered in Hauteville House. Her ghost came back with other ghosts and drove the folks away. So the big house remained vacant, save for the spooks who paid no rent.

Then after a great long time Victor Hugo came and lived in the house. The ghosts did not bother him. Faith! they had been keeping the place just a' pur-

pose for him. He rented the house first and liked it so well that he bought it: got it at half price on account of the ghosts. Here every Christmas Victor Hugo gave a big dinner in the great oak hall to all the children in Guernsey: hundreds of them—all the way from babies that could barely creep, to "boys" with whiskers. They were all fed on turkey, tarts, apples, oranges, and figs; and when they went away each was given a bag of candy to take home.

Climbing a narrow, crooked street we came to the great, dark, gloomy edifice situated at the top of a cliff. The house was painted black by some strange whim of a former occupant.

"We will leave it so," said Victor Hugo, "Liberty is dead and we are in mourning for her."

But the gloom of Hauteville House is only on the outside. Within all is warm and homelike. The furnishings are almost as the poet left them, and the marks of his individuality are on every side.

In the outer hall stands an elegant column of carved oak, its panels showing scenes from *The Hunchback*. In the dining room there is fantastic wainscoting with placques and porcelain tiles inlaid here and there. Many of these ornaments were presents, sent by unknown admirers in all parts of the world.

In *Les Miserables* there is a chance line revealing the author's love for the beautiful as shown in the grain of woods. The result was an influx of polished panels, slabs, chips, hewings, carvings, and in one instance a log sent "collect." Samples of redwood, ebony, calamander, hamalille, sura, tamarind, satinwood, mahogany, walnut, maples of many kinds and oaks without limit—all are there. A mammoth ax helve I noticed on the wall was labelled, "Shag-bark hickory from Missouri."

These specimens of wood were sometimes made up into hat-racks, chairs, canes, panels for doors and are seen in odd corners of these rambling rooms.

Charles Hugo once facetiously wrote to a friend: "We have bought no kindling for three years." At another time he writes: "Father still is sure he can sketch and positive he can carve. He has several jack-knives, and whittles names, dates, and emblems on sticks and furniture—we tremble for the piano."

In the dining-room I noticed a huge oaken chair fastened to the wall by a chain. On the mantel was a statuette of the Virgin; on the pedestal Victor Hugo had engraved lines speaking of her as "Freedom's Goddess."

This dining-room affords a sunny view out into the garden; on this floor are also a reception-room, library, and a smoking-room.

On the next floor are various sleeping apartments, and two cozy parlors, known respectively as the red room, and the blue. Both are rich in curious draperies, a little more pronounced in color than some folks admire.

The next floor contains the "Oak Gal-

lary" : a ball room we should call it. Five large windows furnish a flood of light. In the centre of this fine room is an enormous candelabrum with many branches, at the top a statue of wood, the whole carved by Victor Hugo's own hands.

The Oak Gallery is a regular museum of curiosities of every sort—books, paintings, carvings, busts, firearms, musical instruments. A long glass case contains a large number of autograph letters from the world's celebrities written to Hugo in exile.

At the top of the house and built on its flat roof is the most interesting apartment of Hauteville House : the study and workroom of Victor Hugo. Three of its sides and the roof are of glass. The floor, too, is one immense slab of sea-green glass. Sliding curtains worked by pulleys cut off the light as desired. "More light, more light," said the great man again and again. He gloried and revelled in the sunshine.

Here, in the winter, with no warmth but the sun's rays, his eyes shaded by his felt hat, he wrote; and always standing at a shelf fixed in the wall. On this shelf was written all of *The Toilers*, *The Man who Laughs*, *Shakespeare*, and much of *Les Miserables*. The leaves of manuscript were numbered and fell on the floor to remain perhaps for days before being gathered up.

When Victor Hugo went to Guernsey he went to liberty, not to banishment. He arrived at Hauteville House poor in purse and broken in health. Here the fire of his youth came back and his pen retrieved the fortune that royalty had confiscated. The forenoons were given to earnest work. The daughter composed music; the sons translated Shakespeare and acted as their father's faithful helpers; Madame Hugo collected the notes of her husband's life and cheerfully looked after her household affairs.

Several hours of each afternoon were given to romp and play; the evenings

were sacred to music, reading, and conversation.

Horace Greeley was once a prisoner in Paris. From his cell he wrote: "The Saint Peter who holds the keys of this place has kindly locked the world out; and for once, thank Heaven, I am free from intrusion."

Lovers of truth must thank exile for some of our richest and ripest literature. Exile is not all exile. Imagination cannot be imprisoned. Amid the winding bastions of the brain thought roams free and untrammelled.

Liberty is only a comparative term, and Victor Hugo at Guernsey enjoyed a thousand times more freedom than ever ruling monarch knew.

Standing at the shelf-desk where this "Gentleman of France" stood for so many happy hours, I inscribed my name in the "visitors' book."

I thanked the good woman who had shown me the place, and told me so much of interest—thanked her in words

that seemed but a feeble echo of all that my heart would say.

I went down the stairs—out at the great carved doorway and descended the well-worn steps.

Perched on a crag waiting for me was little Gavroche, his rags fluttering in the breeze. He offered to show me the great stone chair where Gilliatt sat when the tide came up and carried him away. And did I want to buy a bull calf? Gavroche knew where there was a fine one that could be bought cheap. Gavroche would show me both the calf and the stone chair for three pence.

I accepted the offer, and we went down the stony street toward the sea, hand in hand.

III.

ON the 28th day of June, 1894, I took my place in the long line and passed slowly through the Pantheon at Paris and viewed the body of President Carnot.

The same look of proud dignity that I had seen in life was there, calm, composed, serene. The inanimate clay was clothed in the simple black of a citizen of the Republic; the only mark of office being the red silken sash that covered the spot in the breast where the stiletto stroke of hate had gone home.

Amid bursts of applause, surrounded by loving friends and loyal adherents, he was stricken down and passed out into the Unknown. Happy fate! to die before the fickle populace had taken up a new idol; to step in an instant beyond the

reach of malice—to leave behind the self-seekers that pursue, the hungry horde that follows, the zealots who defame; to escape the dagger thrust of calumny and receive only the glittering steel that at the same time wrote his name indelibly on the roll of honor.

Carnot, thrice happy thou! Thy name is secure on history's page, and thy dust now resting beneath the dome of the Pantheon is bedewed with the tears of thy countrymen.

St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, died in 512. She was buried on a hilltop, the highest point in Paris, on the left bank of the Seine. Over the grave was erected a chapel which for many years was a shrine for the faithful. This chapel with its additions remained until 1750, when a church was designed which in beauty of style and solidity of structure has rarely been equalled. The object of the architect was to make the most enduring edifice possible, and still not sacrifice proportion.

Louis XV. laid the corner-stone of this church in 1764, and in 1790 the edifice was dedicated by the Roman Catholics with great pomp. But the spirit of revolution was at work, and in one year after a mob sacked this beautiful building, burned its pews, destroyed its altar, and wrought havoc with its ecclesiastical furniture.

The Convention converted the structure into a memorial temple, inscribing on its front the words "*Aux grands Hommes la patrie reconnaisante*," and they named the building the Pantheon.

In 1806 the Catholics had gotten such influence with the government that the building was restored to them. After the revolution of 1830 the church of Saint Genevieve was again taken from the priests. It was held until 1851, when the Romanists in the Assembly succeeded in having it again re-consecrated. In the meantime, many of the great men of France had been buried there.

The first interment in the Pantheon

was Mirabeau. Next came Marat—stabbed while in the bath by Charlotte Corday. Both bodies were removed by order of the Convention when the church was given back to Rome.

In the Pantheon the visitor now sees the elaborate tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau. In the dim twilight he reads the glowing inscriptions, and from the tomb of Rousseau he sees the hand thrust forth bearing a torch, but the bones of these men are not here.

While robed priests chanted the litany, as the great organ pealed, and swinging censers gave off their perfume, visitors came, bringing children, and they stopped at the arches where Rousseau and Voltaire slept side by side, and they said: "It is here." And so the dust of infidel greatness seemed to interfere with the rites. A change must be made. Let Victor Hugo tell:

"One night in May, 1814, about two o'clock in the morning, a cab stopped near the city gate of La Gare at an open-

ing in a board fence. This fence surrounded a large vacant piece of ground belonging to the city of Paris. The cab had come from the Pantheon, and the coachman had been ordered to take the most deserted streets. Three men alighted from the cab and crawled into the enclosure. Two carried a sack between them. Other men, some in cassocks, awaited them. They proceeded towards a hole dug in the middle of the field. At the bottom of the hole was quicklime. These men said nothing, they had no lanterns. The wan daybreak gave a ghastly light; the sack was opened. It was full of bones. These were the bones of Jean Jacques and Voltaire, which had been withdrawn from the Pantheon.

"The mouth of the sack was brought close to the hole, and the bones rattled down into that black pit. The two skulls struck against each other; a spark, not likely to be seen by those standing near, was doubtless exchanged between the head that made *The Philosophical Dic-*

tionary and the head that made *The Social Contract.*

"When that was done, when the sack was shaken, when Voltaire and Rousseau had been emptied into that hole, a digger seized a spade, threw into the opening the heap of earth, and filled up the grave. The others stamped with their feet upon the ground, so as to remove from it the appearance of having been freshly disturbed. One of the assistants took for his trouble the sack—as the hangman takes the clothing of his victim—they left the enclosure, got into the cab without saying a word, and hastily, before the sun had risen, these men got away."

The ashes of the man who wrote these vivid words now rest next to the empty tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau. But a step away is the grave of Sadi-Carnot.

When the visitor is conducted to the crypt of the Pantheon he is taken first to the tomb of Victor Hugo. The sarcophagus on either side is draped with the red, white, and blue of France and the

stars and stripes of America. With uncovered heads, we behold the mass of flowers and wreaths, and our minds go back to 1885, when the body of the chief citizen of Paris lay in state at the Pantheon and five hundred thousand people passed by and laid the tribute of silence or tears on his bier.

The Pantheon is now given over as a memorial to the men of France who have enriched the world with their lives. Over the portals of this beautiful temple are the words, "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité." Across its floors of rarest mosaic echo only the feet of pilgrims and those of the courteous and kindly old soldiers who have the place in charge. On the walls color revels in beautiful paintings, and in the niches and on the pedestals is marble that speaks of greatness which lives in lives made better.

The history of the Pantheon is one of strife. As late as 1870 the Commune made it a stronghold, and the streets on every side were called upon to contribute

their paving stones for a barricade. Yet it seems meet that Victor Hugo's dust should lie here amid the scenes he loved and knew, and where he struggled, worked, toiled, achieved; from whence he was banished, and to which he returned in triumph, to receive at last the complete approbation so long withheld.

Certainly not in the quiet of a mossy graveyard, nor in a church where priests mumble unmeaning words at fixed times, nor yet alone on the mountain side: for he chafed at solitude, but he should have been buried at sea. In the midst of storm and driving sleet, at midnight the sails should have been lowered, the great engines stopped, and with no requiem but the sobbing of the night wind and the sighing of the breeze through the shrouds, and the moaning of the waves as they surged about the great black ship, the plank should have been run out and the body wrapped in the red, white, and blue of the Republic: the sea, the infinite

mother of all, the sea, beloved and sung by him, should have taken his tired form to her arms, and there he would rest.

If not this, then the Pantheon.

WORDSWORTH

Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow and ever-during power;
And central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation. Here you stand,
Adore and worship, when you know it not;
Pious beyond the intention of your thought;
Devout above the meaning of your will.

The Excursion.





WORDSWORTH.

I.

A MAN has told us that heaven is not a place, and it is possible that he is right.

But if heaven is a place, surely it is not unlike Grasmere. Such loveliness of landscape—such sylvan stretches of crystal water—such peace and quiet and rest!

Great, green hills lift their heads to the skies and all the old stone walls and hedgerows are covered with trailing vines and blooming flowers. The air is rich with song of birds, sweet with perfume, and the blossoms gaily shower their petals on the passer-by. Overhead white, billowy clouds float lazily over their back-ground of ethereal blue. Cool June breezes fan

the cheek. Distant knolls are dotted with flocks of sheep whose bells tinkle dreamily; and drowsy hum of beetle makes the bass, while lark song forms the air of the sweet symphony that nature plays. Such was Grasmere as I first saw it.

To love the plain, homely, common, simple things of earth, of these to sing; to make the familiar beautiful and the commonplace enchanting; to cause each bush to burn with the actual presence of the living God, this is the poet's office. And if the poet lives near Grasmere, his task does not seem difficult.

From 1799 to 1808 Wordsworth lived at Dove Cottage. Thanks to a few earnest souls, the place is now secured to the people of England and the lovers of poetry wherever they may be. A good old woman has charge of the cottage and for a slight fee shows you the house and garden and little orchard and objects of interest, all the while talking: and you are glad, for although unlettered, she is reverent and honest. She was born here,

and all she knows is Wordsworth and the people and things he loved. Is not this enough?

Here Wordsworth lived before anything he wrote was published in book form: here his best work was done, and here Dorothy, splendid, sympathetic Dorothy was inspiration, critic, friend. But who inspired Dorothy? Coleridge perhaps more than all others, and we know somewhat of their relationship as told in Dorothy's diary. There is a little Wordsworth Library in Dove Cottage and I sat at the window of "De Quincey's room" and read for an hour. Says Dorothy: "Sat until four o'clock reading dear Coleridge's letters." "We paced the garden until moonrise at one o'clock, we three, brother, Coleridge, and I." "I read Spenser to him aloud and then we had a midnight tea."

Here in this little, terraced garden, behind the stone cottage with its low ceilings and wide window seats and little diamond panes, she in her misery wrote:

"Oh, the pity of it all! Yet there is recompense; every sight reminds me of Coleridge, dear, dear fellow; of our walks and talks by day and night, of all the bright and witty and sad sweet things of which we spoke and read. I was melancholy and could not talk, and at last I eased my heart by weeping."

Alas, too often there is competition between brother and sister; then follow misunderstandings, but here the brotherly and sisterly love stands out clear and strong after these hundred years have passed, and we contemplate it with delight. Was ever woman more honestly and better praised than Dorothy?

"The blessings of my later years
Were with me when I was a boy.
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares and gentle fears,
A heart! the fountain of sweet tears,
And love and thought and joy.
And she hath smiles to earth unknown,
Smiles that with motion of their own
Do spread and sink and rise;
That come and go with endless play,
And ever as they pass away
Are hidden in her eyes."

And so in a dozen or more poems, we see Dorothy reflected. She was the steel on which he tried his flint. Everything he wrote was read to her, then she read it alone, balancing the sentences in the delicate scales of her womanly judgment. "Heart of my heart, is this well done?" When she said, "This will do," it was no matter who said otherwise.

Back of the house on the rising hillside is the little garden. Hewn out of the solid rock is "Dorothy's seat." There I rested while Mrs. Dixon discoursed of poet lore, and told me of how, many times, Coleridge and Dorothy had sat in the same seat and watched the stars.

Then I drank from "the well," which is more properly a spring; the stones that curb it were placed in their present position by the hand that wrote *The Prelude*. Above the garden is the orchard where the green linnet still sings; for the birds never grow old.

There too are the circling swallows; and in a snug little alcove of the cottage

you can read *The Butterfly* from a first edition; and then you can go sit in the orchard, white with blossoms, and see the butterflies that suggested the poem. And if your eye is good you can discover down by the lakeside the daffodils and listen the while to the cuckoo call.

Then in the orchard you can see not only "the daisy" but many of them, and, if you wish, Mrs. Dixon will let you dig a bunch of the daisies to take back to America: and if you do, I hope that yours will prosper as have mine and that Wordsworth's flowers, like Wordsworth's verse, will gladden your heart when the blue sky of your life threatens to be o'ercast with gray.

Here Southey came: and *Thalaber* was read aloud in this little garden. Here too came Clarkson, the man with a fine feminine carelessness, as Dorothy said. Charles Lloyd sat here and discoursed with Wm. Calvert. Sir George Beaumont forgot his title and rapped often at the quaint hinged door. An artist was

Beaumont, but his best picture they say is not equal to the lines that Wordsworth wrote about it. Sir George was not only a gentleman according to law, but one in heart, for he was a friend, kind, gentle and generous. With such a friend Wordsworth was rich indeed. But perhaps the friends we have are only our other selves and we get what we deserve.

We must not forget the kindly face of Humphry Davy, whose gracious playfulness was ever a charm to the Wordsworths. The safety lamp was then only an unspoken word, and perhaps few foresaw the sweetness and light that these two men would yet give to earth.

Walter Scott and his wife came to Dove Cottage in 1805. He did not bring his title, for it, like Humphry Davy's, was as yet unpacked down in London town. They slept in the little cubby-hole of a room in the upper southwest corner. One can imagine Dorothy taking Sir Walter's shaving water up to him in the morning: and the savory smell of breakfast as Mis-

tress Mary poured the tea, while England's future laureate served the toast and eggs: Mr. Scott eating everything in sight and talking a torrent the while about art and philosophy as he passed his cup back, to the consternation of the hostess whose frugal ways were not used to such ravages of appetite. Of course she did not know that a combined novelist and rhymster ate twice as much as a simple poet.

Afterwards Mrs. Scott tucked up her dress, putting on one of Dorothy's aprons, and helped do the dishes. Then Coleridge came over and they all climbed to the summit of Helm Crag.

Shy little De Quincey had read some of Wordsworth's poems, and knew from their flavor that the man who penned them was a noble soul. He came to Grasmere to call on him: he walked past Dove Cottage twice, but his heart failed him and he went away unannounced. Later he returned and found the occupants as simple folks as himself. Happi-

ness was there and good society; few books but fine culture; plain living and high thinking.

Wordsworth lived at Rydal Mount for thirty-three years, yet the sweetest flowers of his life blossomed at Dove Cottage. For difficulty, toil, struggle, obscurity, poverty mixed with aspiration and ambition,—all these were here. Success came later but this is naught, for the achievement is more than the public acknowledgment of the deed.

After Wordsworth moved away, De Quincey rented Dove Cottage and lived in it for twenty-seven years. He acquired a library of over five thousand volumes, making book shelves on four side of the little rooms from floor to ceiling. Some of these shelves still remain. Here he turned night into day and dreamed the dreams of "The Opium Eater."

And all these are some of the things that Mrs. Dixon told me on that bright summer day. What if I had heard them

before! no difference. Dear old lady, I salute you and at your feet I lay my gratitude for a day of rare and quiet joy.

"Farewell, thou little nook of mountain ground,
Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair
Of that magnificent temple which does bound
One side of our whole vale with gardens rare,
Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair,
The loveliest spot that man has ever found,
Farewell! We leave thee to Heaven's peaceful care,
Thee, and the Cottage which thou dost surround."

II.

IN the far West at places of pleasure and entertainment are often found functionaries known as "bouncers." It is the duty of the bouncer to give hints to objectionable visitors that their presence is not desired. And inasmuch as there are many men who can never take a hint without a kick, the bouncer is a person selected on account of his peculiar fitness—psychic and otherwise—for the place. We all have special talents, and these faculties should be used in a manner that will help our fellow-men on their way.

My acquaintanceship with the bouncer has been only general, not particular. Yet I have admired him from a distance, and the skill and eclat that he sometimes

shows in a professional way has often excited my admiration.

In social usages America borrows constantly from the mother country. But like all borrowing it seems to be one-sided, for seldom, very, very seldom in point of etiquette and manners does England borrow from us. Yet there are exceptions.

It is a beautiful highway that skirts Lake Windermere and follows up through Ambleside. We get a glimpse of the old home of Harriet Martineau, and "Fox Howe," the home of Matthew Arnold. Just before Rydal Water is reached comes Rydal Road, running straight up the hillside, off from the turnpike. Rydal Mount is the third house up on the left-hand side. I knew the location, for I had read of it many times, and in my pocket-book I carried a picture taken from an old *Frank Leslie's*, showing the house.

My heart beat fast as I climbed the hill. To visit the old home of one who was Poet Laureate of England is no small event in

the life of a book lover. I was full of poetry and murmured lines from *the Excursion* as I walked. Soon rare old Rydal Mount came in sight among the wealth of green. I stopped and sighed. Yes, yes, Wordsworth lived here for thirty-three years, and here he died; the spot whereon I then stood had been pressed many times by his feet. I walked slowly, with uncovered head and approached the gate. It was locked. I fumbled at the latch and just as there came a prospect of its opening a loud deep, guttural voice dashed over me like a wave:

"There—you! now wot you want?"

The owner of this voice was not ten feet away, but he was standing up close to the wall and I had not seen him. I was somewhat startled at first. The man did not move. I stepped to one side to get a better view of my interlocutor, and saw him to be a large, red man of perhaps fifty. A handkerchief was knotted around his thick neck and he held a heavy hoe in

his hand. A genuine beefeater he was, only he ate too much beef and the ale he drank was evidently extra XXX.

His scowl was so needlessly severe and his manner so belligerent that I—thrice armed, knowing my cause was just—could not restrain a smile. I touched my hat and said, "Ah, excuse me, Mr. Falstaff, you are the bouncer?"

"Never mind wot I am, sir, 'oo are you?"

"I am a great admirer of Wordsworth———"

"That's the way they all begins. Cawn't ye hadmire 'im on that side of the wall as well as this?"

There is no use of wasting argument with a man of this stamp; besides that, his question was to the point. But there are several ways of overcoming one's adversary: I began feeling in my pocket for pence. My enemy ceased glaring, stepped up to the locked gate as though he half wished to be friendly, and there was sorrow in his voice:

"Don't tempt me, sir, don't do ut. The Missus is peekin' out of the shutters at us now."

"And do you never admit visitors, even to the grounds?"

"No, sir, never, God 'elp me! and there 's many an honest bob I could turn by ut, and no one 'urt. But I 've lost my place twic't by ut. They took me back though. The Guv'ner 'ud never forgive me again. 'It 's three times and out, Mister 'Opkins,' says 'ee, only last Whitsuntide."

"But visitors do come?"

"Yes, sir, but they never gets in—Mostly 'mer'cans, they don't know no better, sir. They picks all the ivy orf the outside of the wall, and you sees yourself there 's no leaves on the lower branches of that tree. Then they carries away so many pebbles from out there that I 'ave to dump in a fresh weel-barrel full o' gravel every week, sir, don't you know."

He thrust a pudgy, freckled hand through the bars of the gate to show that

he bore me no ill will, and also, I suppose, to mollify my disappointment. For although I had come too late to see the great poet himself and had even failed to see the inside of his house, yet I had at least been greeted at the gate by his proxy. I pressed the hand firmly, pocketed a handful of gravel as a memento, then turned and went my way.

And all there is to tell about my visit to Rydal Mount is this interview with the bouncer.

III.

WORDSWORTH lived eighty years. His habitation, excepting for short periods, was never more than a few miles from his birthplace.

His education was not extensive, his learning not profound. He lacked humor and passion; in his character there was little personal magnetism and in his work there is small dramatic power.

He travelled more or less and knew humanity but he did not know man. His experience in so-called practical things was slight, his judgment not accurate. So he lived—quietly, modestly, dreamily.

His dust rests in a country churchyard, the grave marked by a simple slab. A gnarled old yew tree stands guard above

the grass-grown mound. The nearest railroad is fifteen miles away.

As a poet Wordsworth stands in the front rank of the second class. Shelley, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, far surpassing him; and the sweet singer of Michigan, even in uninspired moments, never "threw off" anything worse than this:

"And he is lean and he is sick:
His body dwindled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swollen and thick;
His legs are thin and dry.
One prop he has, and only one,
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him near the waterfall,
Upon the village common."

Jove may nod but when he makes a move it counts.

Yet the influence of Wordsworth upon the thought and feeling of the world has been very great. He himself said: "The young will read my poems and be better for their truth." Many of his lines pass as current coin. "The child is father of the man," "The light that never was

on land nor sea," "Not too bright and good for human nature's daily food," "Thoughts that do lie too deep for tears," "The mighty stream of tendency," and many others. "Plain living and high thinking" is generally given to Emerson, but he discovered it in Wordsworth, and recognizing it as his own he took it. In a certain book of quotations, "The still sad music of humanity" is given to Shakespeare, but to equalize matters we sometimes attribute to Wordsworth *The Old Oaken Bucket.*

The men who win are those who correct an abuse. Wordsworth's work was a protest—mild yet firm—against the bombastic and artificial school of the eighteenth century. Before his day the "timber" used by poets consisted of angels, devils, ghosts, gods; onslaught, tourneys, jousts, tempests of hate and torrents of wrath, always of course with a very beautiful and very susceptible young lady just around the corner. The women in those days were always young

and ever beautiful, but seldom wise and not often good. The men were saints or else "bad," generally bad. They fought like the cats of Kilkenny, on slight cause.

Our young man at Hawkshead school saw this; it pleased him not, and he made a list of the things on which he would write poems. This list includes: sunset, moonrise, starlight, mist, brooks, shells, stones, butterflies, moths, swallows, linnets, thrushes, wagoners, babies, bark of trees, leaves, nests, fishes, rushes, leeches, cobwebs, clouds, deer, music, shade, swans, crags, and snow. He kept his vow and "went it one better," for among his verses I find the following titles:

Lines Left upon a Seat in a Yew-Tree, *Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey*, *To a Wounded Butterfly*, *To Dora's Portrait*, *To the Cuckoo*, *On Seeing a Needle-Book made in the Shape of a Harp*, etc.

Wordsworth's service to humanity consists in the fact that he has shown us old

truth in a new light, and made plain the close relationship that exists between physical nature and the soul of man. Is this much or little? I think it is much. When we realize that we are a part of all that we see, or hear, or feel, we are not lonely. But to feel a sense of separation is to feel the chill of death.

Wordsworth taught that the earth is the universal Mother, and that the life of the flower has its source in the same universal life from whence ours is derived. To know this truth is to feel a tenderness, a kindliness, a spirit of fraternalism, toward every manifestation of this universal life. No attempt was made to say the last word, only a wish to express the truth that the Spirit of God is manifest on every hand.

Now this is a very simple philosophy. No far-reaching, syllogistic logic is required to prove it; no miracle, nor special dispensation is needed; you just feel that it is so, that 's all, and it gives you peace. Children, foolish folks, old men,

whose sands of life are nearly run, comprehend it.

But heaven bless you! you can't prove any such foolishness. Jeffrey saw the ridiculousness of these assumptions and so he declared, "This will never do," and for twenty years *The Edinburgh Review* never ceased to fling off fleers and jeers—and to criticise and scoff. That a great periodical, rich and influential, in the city which was the very centre of learning, should go so much out of its way to attack a quiet countryman living in a four-roomed cottage, away off in the hills of Cumberland, seems a little queer.

Then, this countryman did not seek to found a kingdom, nor to revolutionize society, nor did he force his patty-pan rhymes about linnets, and larks, and daffodils, upon the world. Far from it; he was very modest, diffident, in fact, and his song was quite in the minor key, but still the chain-shot and bombs of literary warfare were sent hissing in his direction.

There is a little story about a certain

general who figured as division-commander in the War of Secession: this warrior had his headquarters, for a time, in a typical southern home in the Tennessee Mountains. The house had a large fireplace and chimney; in this chimney swallows had nests. One day, as the great man was busy at his maps, working out a plan of campaign against the enemy, the swallows made quite an uproar. Perhaps some of the eggs were hatching; anyway, the birds were needlessly noisy in their domestic affairs and it disturbed the great man—he grew nervous. He called his adjutant: "Sir," said the mighty warrior, "dislodge those damn pests in the chimney, without delay."

Two soldiers were ordered to climb the roof and dislodge the enemy. Yet the swallows were not dislodged, for the soldiers could not reach them.

So Jeffrey's tirades were unavailing, and Wordsworth was not dislodged.

"He might as well try to crush Skiddaw," said Southey.

THACKERAY



TO MR. BROOKFIELD.

Sept. 16, 1849.

Have you read Dickens? Oh, it is charming! Brave Dickens! *David Copperfield* has some of his prettiest touches, and the reading of the book has done another author a great deal of good.

W. M. T.

THACKERAY.

I.

IN every community there are certain good old ladies who wear perennial mourning. They attend every funeral, carrying black bordered handkerchiefs, and weep gently at the right time. I have made it a point to hunt out these ancient dames at their homes, and, over the teacups, I have discovered that invariably they enjoy a sweet peace—a happiness with contentment that is great gain. They seem to be civilization's rudimentary relics of the Irish keeners and paid mourners of the Orient.

And there is just a little of this tendency to mourn with those who mourn in all mankind. It is not difficult to bear

another's woe—and then there is always a grain of mitigation, even in the sorrow of the afflicted, that makes tribulation bearable.

Burke on the Sublime affirms that all men take a certain satisfaction in the disasters of others. Just as Frenchmen lift their hats when a funeral passes and thank God that they are not in the hearse, so do we in the presence of calamity thank heaven that it is not ours.

Perhaps this is why I get a strange delight from walking through a graveyard by night. All about are the white monuments that glisten in the ghostly starlight, the night wind sighs softly among the grassy mounds—all else is silent—still. This is the city of the dead, and of all the hundreds or thousands who have travelled to this spot over long and weary miles, I, only I, have the power to leave at will. Their ears are stopped, their eyes are closed, their hands are folded—but I am alive.

One of the first places I visited on reach-

ing London was Kensal Green Cemetery. I quickly made the acquaintance of the First Gravedigger, a rare wit over whose gray head have passed full seventy pleasant summers. I presented him a copy of *The Shroud*, the organ of the American Undertakers' Association, published at Syracuse, N. Y. I subscribe for *The Shroud* because it has a bright wit and humor column, and also for the sweet satisfaction of knowing that there is still virtue left in Syracuse.

The First Gravedigger greeted me courteously, and when I explained briefly my posthumous predilections we grasped hands across an open grave (that he had just digged) and were fast friends.

"Do you believe in cremation, sir?" he asked.

"No, never, it's pagan."

"Aye, you are a gentleman—and about burying folks in churches?"

"Never; a grave should be out under the open sky, where the sun by day and the moon and stars—"

"Right you are.—How Shakespeare can ever stand it to have his grave walked over by a boy choir is more than I can understand—If I had him here I could look after him right. Come, I'll show you the company I keep!"

Not twenty feet from where we stood was a fine but plain granite block to the memory of the second wife of James Russell Lowell.

"Just Mr. Lowell and one friend stood by the grave when we lowered the coffin —just those two men and no one else but the young clergyman who belongs here— Mr. Lowell shook hands with me when he went away. He gave me a guinea and wrote me two letters afterward from America, the last was sent only a week before he died. I'll show 'em to you when we go to the office. Say, did you know *him?*"

He pointed to a slab, on which I read the name of Sidney Smith. Then we went to the graves of Mulready the painter, Kemble the actor, Sir Charles East-

lake the artist. Next came the resting place of Buckle—immortal for writing a preface—dead at thirty-seven with his history unwrit; Leigh Hunt sleeps near, and above his dust a column that explains how it was erected by friends. In life he asked for bread, when dead they gave him a costly pile of stone.

Here are also the graves of Madame Tietjens; Charles Mathews, the actor; and Sir John Ross, the Arctic explorer.

"And just down the hill a ways another big man is buried. I knew him well; he used to come and visit us often. The last time I saw him I said as he was going away, 'Come again, sir, you are always welcome!'"

"'Thank you, Mr. First Gravedigger,' says he, 'I will come again before long, and make you an extended visit.' In less than a year the hearse brought him. That's his grave—push that ivy away and you can read the inscription. Did you ever hear of him?"

It was a plain heavy slab placed hori-

zontally and the ivy had so run over it that the white of the marble was nearly obscured. But I made out this inscription:

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
Born July 18, 1811;
Died Dec. 24, 1863.

ANNE CARMICHAEL SMYTH,
Died Dec. 18, 1864, aged 72—his mother by her first marriage.

The unpoetic exactness of that pedigree gave me a slight chill. But here they sleep—mother and son in one grave. She who gave him his first caress also gave him his last; and when he was found dead in his bed, his mother who lived under the same roof was the first one called. He was the child of her girlhood—she was scarcely twenty when she bore him. In life they were never separated and in death they are not divided. It is as both desired.

Thackeray was born in India, and was brought to England on the death of his father, when he was six years of age. On the way from Calcutta the ship touched

at the Island of St. Helena. A servant took the lad ashore and they walked up the rocky heights to Bowood and there, pacing back and forth in a garden, they saw a short, stout man.

"Lookee, lad, lookee quick—that's him, he eats three sheep every day and all the children he can get!"

"And that's all I had to do with the battle of Waterloo," said "Old Thack," forty years after. But you will never believe it after reading those masterly touches concerning the battle, in *Vanity Fair.*

Young Thackeray was sent to the Charterhouse school, where he was considered rather a dull boy. He was big and good-natured, and read novels when he should have studied arithmetic. This tendency to "play off" stuck to him at Cambridge—where he did not remain long enough to get a degree, but to the relief of his tutors went off on a tour through Europe.

Travel as a means of education is a

very seductive bit of sophistry. Invalids whom the doctors cannot cure and scholars whom teachers cannot teach are often advised to take "a change." Still there is reason in it.

In England Thackeray was intent on law; at Paris he received a strong bent toward art; but when he reached Weimar and was introduced at the Court of Letters and came into the living presence of Goethe he caught the infection and made a plan for translating Schiller.

Schiller dead was considered in Germany a greater man than Goethe living, as if 't were an offense to live and a virtue to die. And young William Makepeace wrote home to his mother that Schiller was the greatest man that ever lived and that he was going to translate his books and give them to England.

No doubt there are certain people born with a tendency to infectiousness in regard to certain diseases, so there are those who catch the literary mania on slight exposure.

"I've got it," said Thackeray, and so he had.

He went back to England and made groggy efforts at Blackstone, and Somebody's Digest, and What 's-his-name's Compendium, but all the time he scribbled and sketched.

The young man had come into possession of a goodly fortune from his father's estate—enough to yield him an income of over two thousand dollars a year. But bad investments and signing security for friends took the money the way that money usually goes when held by a man who has not earned it.

"Talk about riches having wings," said Thackeray, "my fortune had pinions like a condor, and flew like a carrier pigeon."

When Thackeray was thirty he was eking out a meagre income writing poems, reviews, criticisms, and editorials. His wife was a confirmed invalid, a victim of mental darkness, and his sorrows and anxieties were many.

He was known as a bright writer, yet

London is full of clever, unsuccessful men. But in Thackeray's thirty-eighth year *Vanity Fair* came out, and it was a success from the first.

In *Yesterdays with Authors*, Mr. Fields says: "I once made a pilgrimage with Thackeray to the various houses where his books had been written; and I remember when we came to Young Street, Kensington, he said, with mock gravity, 'Down on your knees, you rogue, for here *Vanity Fair* was penned; and I will go down with you for I have a high opinion of that little production myself.'"

Young Street is only a block from the Kensington Metropolitan Railway station. It is a little street running off Kensington Road. At Number 16, (formerly No. 13,) I saw a card in the window, "Rooms to rent to Single Gentlemen."

I rang the bell, and was shown a room that the landlady offered me for twelve shillings a week if I paid in advance; or

if I would take another room one flight up with a "gent who was studying hart" it would be only eight and six. I suggested that we go up and see the "gent." We did so, and I found the young man very courteous and polite.

He told me that he had never heard Thackeray's name in connection with the house. The landlady protested that "no man by the name o' Thack'ry has had rooms here since I rented the place; leastwise, if he has been here he called hisself by sumpthink else, which was like o'nuff the case, as most ev'ry body is crooked now days—but surely no decent person can blame *me* for that!"

I assured her that she was in no wise to blame.

From this house in Young Street the author of *Vanity Fair* moved to No. 36 Onslow Square, where he wrote *The Virginians*. On the south side of the square there is a row of three-storied brick houses. Thackeray lived in one of these houses for nine years. They

were the years when honors and wealth were being heaped upon him; and he was worldling enough to let his wants keep pace with his ability to gratify them. He was made of the same sort of clay as other men, for his standard of life conformed to his pocketbook and he always felt poor.

From this fine house on Onslow Square he moved to a veritable palace which he built to suit his own taste, at No. 2 Palace Green, Kensington. But mansions on earth are seldom for long—he died here on Christmas Eve, 1863. And Charles Dickens, Mark Lemon, Millais, Anthony Trollope, Robert Browning, George Cruikshank, Tom Taylor, Louis Blanc, Charles Mathews, and Shirley Brooks were among the friends who carried him to his rest.

II.

IT is a great mistake to take one's self too seriously. Complacency is the unpardonable sin, and the man who says, "Now I 'm sure of it," has at that moment lost it.

Villagers who have lived in one little place until they think themselves great, having lost the sense of proportion through lack of comparison, are generally "in dead earnest."

Surely they are often intellectually dead, and I do not dispute the fact that they are in earnest. All those excellent gentlemen in the days gone by who could not contemplate a celestial bliss that did not involve the damnation of those who disagreed with them were in dead earnest.

Cotton Mather once saw a black cat perched on the shoulder of an innocent, chattering old gran'ma. The next day a

neighbor had a convulsion; and Cotton Mather went forth and exorcised Tabby with a hymn book, and hanged gran'ma by the neck, high on Gallows Hill, until she was dead.

Had the Reverend Mather possessed but a mere modicum of humor he might have exorcised the cat, but I am sure he would never have troubled old gran'ma. But alas, Cotton Mather's conversation was limited to yea, yea, and nay, nay: generally nay, nay; and he was in dead earnest.

In the Boston Public Library is a book written in 1685 by Cotton Mather, entitled *Wonders of the Invisible World.* This book received the endorsement of the Governor of the Province and also of the president of Harvard College. The author cites many cases of persons who were bewitched; and also makes the interesting statement that the devil knows Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, but speaks English with an accent. These facts were long used at Harvard as argument in

favor of the classics. And when Greek was at last made optional the devil was supposed to have filed a protest with the Dean of the Faculty.

The Rev. Francis Gastrell who razed New Place, and cut down the poet's mulberry tree to escape the importunities of visitors, was in dead earnest. Attila, and Herod, and John Calvin were in dead earnest. And were it not for the fact that Luther had lucid intervals when he went about with his tongue in his cheek he surely would have worked grievous wrong.

Recent discoveries in Egyptian archæology show that in his lifetime Moses was more esteemed as a wit than a law maker. His jokes were posted upon the walls and explained to the populace, who it seems were a bit slow.

Job was a humorist of a high order, and when he said to the wise men, "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you," he struck twelve. When the sons of Jacob went down into Egypt and Joseph put up the price of

corn, took their money, and then secretly replaced the coin in the sacks, he showed his artless love of a quiet joke.

Shakespeare's fools were the wisest and kindliest men at court. When the master decked a character in cap and bells it was as though he had given bonds for the man's humanity. Touchstone followed his master into exile; and when all seemed to have forsaken King Lear the fool bared himself to the storm and covered the shaking old man with his own cloak. And if Costard, Trinculo, Touchstone, Jaques, and Mercutio had lived in Salem in 1692 there would not only have been a flashing of merry jests, but a flashing of rapiers as well, and every gray hair of every old dame's head would have been safe so long as there was a striped leg on which to stand.

Lincoln, liberator of men, loved the motley; and if it comes to an issue between Chauncey M. Depew and John Sherman we must make shift to save the state by making the joker president. We

do not want for chief magistrate one who by his presence in a room, makes the apartment available only for cold storage. Such men be dangerous. For the individual who is incapable of viewing the world from a jocular basis is unsafe and can only be trusted when the opposition is strong enough to laugh him into line.

In the realm of English letters Thackeray is prince of humorists. He could see right through a brick wall, and never mistook a hawk for a hernshaw. He had a just estimate of values, and the temperament that can laugh at all trivial misfits. And he had too that dread capacity for pain which every true humorist possesses: for the true essence of humor is sensibility.

In all literature that lives there is mingled like pollen an indefinable element of the author's personality. In Thackeray's *Lectures on English Humorists* this subtle quality is particularly apparent. Elusive, delicate, alluring—it is the actinic ray that imparts vitality.

When wit plays at skittles with dulness, dulness gets revenge by taking wit at his word. Vast numbers of people taking Thackeray at his word consider him a bitter pessimist.

He even disconcerted bright little Charlotte Brontë who went down to London to see him, and then wrote back to Haworth that "the great man talked steadily with never a smile. I could not tell when to laugh and when to cry for I did not know what was fun and what fact."

But finally the author of *Jane Eyre* found the combination, and she saw that beneath the brusque exterior of that bulky form there was a woman's tender sympathy.

Thackeray has told us what he thought of the author of *Jane Eyre*, and the author of *Jane Eyre* has told us what she thought of the author of *Vanity Fair*. One was big and whimsical, the other was little and sincere, but both were alike in this: their hearts were wrung at

the sight of suffering and both had tears for the erring, the groping, and the oppressed.

A Frenchman cannot comprehend a joke that is not accompanied by grimace and gesticulation; and so M. Taine chases Thackeray through sixty solid pages, berating him for what he is pleased to term "bottled hate."

Taine is a cynic who charges Thackeray with cynicism, all in the choicest of biting phrase. It is a beautiful example of sinners calling the righteous to repentance—a thing that is often done, but seldom with artistic finish.

The fun is too deep for Monsieur, or mayhap the brand is not the yellow label to which his palate is accustomed, so he spews it all. Yet Taine's criticism is charming reading, although he is only hot after an anise-seed trail of his own dragging. But the chase is a deal more exciting than most men would lead were there real live game to capture.

If pushed I might suggest several

points in this man's make-up where God could have bettered His work. But accepting Thackeray as we find him, we see a singer whose cage fate had overhung with black until he had caught the tune. The *Ballad of Bouillabaisse* shows a tender side of his spirit that he often sought to conceal. His heart vibrated to all finer thrills of mercy; and his love for all created things was so delicately strung that he would, in childish shame, sometimes issue a growl to drown its rising, tearful tones.

In the character of Becky Sharp he has marshalled some of his own weak points and then lashed them with scorn. He looked into the mirror and seeing a potential snob he straightway inveighed against snobbery. The punishment does not always fit the crime—it is excess. But I still contest that where his ridicule is most severe, it is Thackeray's own back that is bared to the knout.

The primal recipe for roguery in art is: "Know Thyself." When a writer por-

trays a villain and does it well,—make no mistake—he poses for the character himself. Said gentle Ralph Waldo Emerson, "I have capacity in me for every crime."

The man of imagination knows those mystic spores of possibility that lie dormant, and like the magicians of the East who grow mango trees in an hour, he develops the "inward potential" at will. The mere artisan in letters goes forth and finds a villain and then describes him, but the artist knows a better way: "I am that man."

One of the very sweetest, gentlest characters in literature is Colonel Newcome. The stepfather of Thackeray, Major Carmichael Smyth, was made to stand for the portrait of the lovable Colonel; and when that all 'round athlete, F. Hopkinson Smith, gave us that other lovable old Colonel he paid high tribute to *The Newcomes*.

Thackeray was a poet, and as such was often caught in the toils of doubt—the

crux of the inquiring spirit. He aspired for better things and at times his imperfections stood out before him in monstrous shape, and he sought to hiss them down.

In the heart of the artist-poet there is an Inmost-Self that sits over against the acting, breathing man and passes judgment on his every deed. To satisfy the world is little, to please the populace is naught; fame is vapor; gold is dross; and every love that has not the sanction of that Inmost-Self is a viper's sting. To satisfy the demands of the God within is the poet's prayer. What doubts beset, what taunting fears surround, what crouching sorrows lie in wait, what dead hopes drag, what hot desires pursue; and what kindly lights do beckon on—ah! "'t is we musicians know."

Thackeray came to America to get a pot of money, and was in a fair way of securing it, when he chanced to pick up a paper in which a steamer was announced to sail that evening for England.

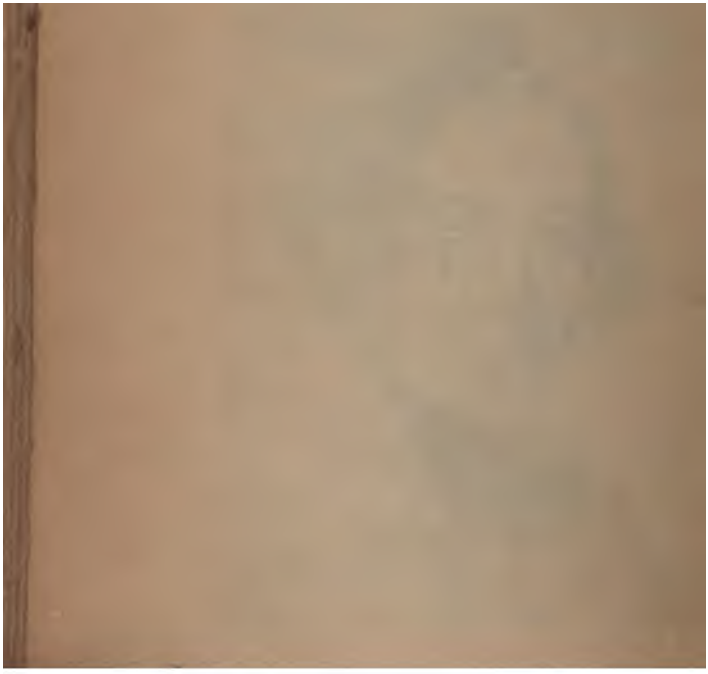
A wave of homesickness swept over the big boy—he could not stand it. He hastily packed up his effects and without saygood bye to any one, and forgetting all of his engagements, he hastened to the dock, leaving this note for the kindest of kind friends: "Good bye Fields, good bye Mrs. Fields—God bless everybody, says W. M. T."

DICKENS

. . . I hope for the enlargement of my mind, and for the improvement of my understanding. If I have done but little good, I trust I have done less harm, and that none of my adventures will be other than a source of amusing and pleasant recollection. God bless you all.

Pickwick.





DICKENS.

I.

THE path of progress in certain problems seems barred as by a flaming sword.

More than a thousand years before Christ an Arab chief asked, "If a man die shall he live again?" Every man who ever lived has asked the same question, but we know no more to-day about the subject than did Job.

There are one hundred and five boy babies born to every one hundred girls. The law holds in every land where vital statistics have been kept; and Sairey Gamp knew just as much about the cause why as Brown-Sequard, Pasteur, Agnew, or Austin Flint.

Charles Dickens himself received his education at the University of Hard Knocks. Very early in life he was cast upon the rocks and suckled by the she-wolf. Yet he became the most popular author the world has ever known, and up to the present time no writer of books has approached him in point of number of readers and financial returns. These are facts—facts so hard and true that they would be the delight of Mr. Gradgrind.

At twelve years of age Charles Dickens was pasting labels on blacking-boxes; his father was in prison. At sixteen he was spending odd hours in the reading-room of the British Museum. At nineteen he was Parliamentary reporter; at twenty-one a writer of sketches; at twenty-three he was getting a salary of thirty-five dollars a week, and the next year his pay was doubled. When twenty-five he wrote a play that ran for seventy nights at the Drury Lane Theatre. About the same time he received seven hundred dollars for a series of sketches written in two

weeks. At twenty-six, publishers were at his feet.

When Dickens was at the flood-tide of prosperity, Thackeray, one year his senior, waited on his doorstep with pictures to illustrate *Pickwick*.

He worked steadily, and made from eight to twenty-five thousand dollars a year. His fame increased, and the *New York Ledger* paid him ten thousand dollars for one story which he wrote in a fortnight. His collected works fill forty volumes. There are more of Dickens' books sold every year now than in any year in which he lived. There were more of Dickens' books sold last year than any previous year.

"I am glad that the public buy his books," said Macready, "for if they did not he would take to the stage and eclipse us all."

Not So Bad as We Seem, by Bulwer-Lytton, was played at Devonshire House in the presence of the Queen, Dickens taking the principal part. He gave the-

atrical performances in London, Liverpool, and Manchester, for the benefit of Leigh Hunt, Sheridan Knowles, and various other needy authors and actors. He wrote a dozen plays and twice as many more have been constructed from his plots.

He gave public readings through England, Scotland, and Ireland, where the people fought for seats. The average receipts for these entertainments were eight hundred dollars per night.

In 1865 he made a six months' tour of the United States giving a series of readings. The prices of admission were placed at extravagant figures, but the box-office was always besieged until the ticket-seller put out his lights and hung out a sign: "*The standing room is all taken.*"

The gross receipts of these readings were $229,000; the expenses $39,000; net profit $190,000.

Charles Dickens died of brain rupture in 1870, aged fifty-eight. His dust rests in Westminster Abbey.

II.

MR. JAMES T. FIELDS, who was affectionately referred to by Mr. Charles Dickens as "Massachusetts Jemmy," once said: "To know the London of Dickens is a liberal education." And I am aware of no better way to become acquainted with the greatest city in the world than to follow the winding footsteps of the author of *David Copperfield.*

Beginning his London life when ten years of age, he shifted from one lodging to another, zigzag, tacking back and forth from place to place, but all the time making head, and finally dwelling in palaces of which nobility might be proud. It took him forty-eight years to travel from the squalor of Camden Town to Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.

He lodged first in Bayham Street. "A

washerwoman lived next door, and a Bow Street officer over the way." It was a shabby district, chosen by the elder Dickens because the rent was low. As he neglected to pay the rent, one wonders why he did not take quarters in Piccadilly.

I looked in vain for a sign reading, "*Washin dun Heer*," but I found a Bow Street orf'cer who told me that Bayham Street had long since disappeared.

Yet there is always a recompense in prowling about London, because if you do not find the thing you are looking for, you find something else equally interesting. My Bow Street friend proved to be a regular magazine of rare and useful information; historical, archæological and biographical.

A Lunnun Bobby has his clothes cut after a pattern a hundred years old, and he always carries his gloves in his hand—never wearing them—because this was a a habit of William the Conqueror. But never mind, he is intelligent, courteous,

and obliging, and I am perfectly willing that he should wear skirts like a ballet dancer and a helmet too small if it is his humor.

My perliceman knew an older orf'cer who was acquainted with Mr. Dickens. Mr. Dickens 'ad a full perliceman's suit 'imself, issued to 'im on an order from Scotland Yard, and he used to do patrol duty at night carrying 'is bloomin' gloves in 'is 'and and 'is chinstrap in place. This was told me by my new-found friend, who volunteered to show me the way to North Gower Street.

It 's only Gower Street now and the houses have been renumbered, so Number 4 is a matter of conjecture; but my guide showed me a door where were the marks of a full grown plate that evidently had long since disappeared. Some days afterward I found this identical brass plate at an old bookshop in Cheapside. The plate read: *Mrs. Dickens' Establishment.* The man who kept the place advertised himself as a "Bibliopole." He offered to sell

me the plate for one pun ten, but I did not purchase for I knew where I could get its mate with a deal more verdigris, all for six and eight.

Dickens has recorded that he cannot recollect of any pupils coming to the Establishment. But he remembers when his father was taken, like Mr. Dorrit, to the Debtors' Prison. He was lodged in the top story but one, in the very same room where his son afterwards put the Dorrits. It 's a queer thing to know that a book-writer can imprison folks without a warrant and even kill them and yet go unpunished—which thought was suggested to me by my philosophic guide.

From this house in Gower Street Charles used to go daily to the Marshalsea to visit Micawber, who not so many years later was to act as the proud amanuensis of his son.

The next morning after I first met Bobby he was off duty. I met him by appointment at the Three Jolly Beg-

gars (a place pernicious snug). He was dressed in a fashionable light-colored suit, the coat a trifle short, and a high silk hat. His large red neck-scarf—set off by his bright brick-dust complexion—caused me to mistake him at first for a friend of mine who drives a Holborn bus.

Mr. 'awkins (for it was he) greeted me cordially, pulled gently at his neck whiskers, and when he addressed me as Me Lud, the barmaid served us with much alacrity and things.

We went first to the church of St. George; then we found Angel Court leading to Berbondsey, also Marshalsea Place. Here is the site of the prison, where the crowded ghosts of misery still hover; but small trace could we find of the prison itself, neither did we see the ghosts. We, however, saw a very pretty barmaid at the public in Angel Court. I think she is still prettier than the one to whom Bobby introduced me at the Sign of the Meat Axe, which is saying a good deal. Angel Court is rightly named.

The blacking warehouse at Old Hungerford Stairs, Strand, in which Charles Dickens was shown by Bob Fagin how to tie up the pots of paste, has rotted down and been carted away. The coal barges in the muddy river are still there, just as they were when Charles, Poll Green, and Bob Fagin played on them during the dinner hour. I saw Bob and several other boys, grimy with blacking, chasing each other across the flat boats but Dickens was not there.

Down the river a ways there is a crazy old warehouse with a rotten wharf of its own, abutting on the water when the tide is in, and on the mud when the tide is out; the whole place literally overrun with rats that scuffle and squeal on the mouldy stairs. I asked Bobby if it could not be that this was the blacking factory, but he said, no, for this one allus wuz.

Dickens found lodgings in Lant Street while his father was awaiting in the Marshalsea for something to turn up.

Bob Sawyer afterward had the same quarters. When Sawyer invited Mr. Pickwick "and the other chaps" to dine with him, he failed to give his number, so we cannot locate the house. But I found the street and saw a big wooden Pickwick on wheels standing as a sign for a tobacco shop. The old gentleman who runs the place, and runs the sign in every night, assured me that Bob Sawyer's room was the first floor back. I looked in at it but seeing no one there whom I knew I bought tuppence worth of pigtail in lieu of fee, and came away.

If a man wished to abstract himself from the world, to remove himself from temptation, to place himself beyond the possibility of desire to look out of the window, he should live in Lant Street, said a great novelist. David Copperfield lodged here when he ordered that glass of Genuine Stunning Ale at the Red Lion and excited the sympathy of the landlord, winning a motherly kiss from his wife.

The Red Lion still crouches (under another name) at the corner of Derby and Parliament Streets, Westminster. I day-dreamed there for an hour one morning, pretending the while to read a newspaper. I cannot, however, recommend their ale as particularly stunning.

As there are authors of one book, so are there readers of one author—more than we wist. Children want the same bear story told over and over, preferring it to a new one; so "grown-ups" often prefer the dog-eared book to uncut leaves.

Mr. Hawkins preferred the dog-eared, and at the station house, where many times he had long hours to wait in anticipation of a hurry-up call, he whiled away the time by browsing in his Dickens. He knew no other author, neither did he wish to. His epidermis was soaked with Dickensology, and when inspired by gin and bitters he emitted information at every pore. To him all these bodiless beings of Dickens' brain were living creatures. An anachronism was nothing

to Hawkins. Charley Bates was still at large, Quilph was just around the corner and Gaffer Hexam's boat was moored in the muddy river below.

Dickens used to haunt the publics, those curious resting places where all sorts and conditions of thirsty philosophers meet to discuss all sorts of themes. My guide took me to many of these inns which the great novelist frequented, and we always had one legend with every drink. After we had called at three or four different snuggeries Hawkins would begin to shake out the facts.

Now it is not generally known that the so-called stories of Dickens are simply records of historic events, like What-do-you-call-um's plays! F'r instance, Dombey and Son was a well-known firm, who carried over into a joint stock company only a few years ago. The concern is now known as the Dombey Trading Co.; they occupy the same quarters that were used by their illustrious predecessors.

I signified a desire to see the counting-

house so minutely described by Dickens, and Mr. Hawkins agreed to pilot me thither on our way to Tavistock Square. We twisted down to the first turning, then up three, then straight ahead to the first right-hand turn, where we cut to the left until we came to a stuffed dog, which is the sign of a glover. Just beyond this my guide plucked me by the sleeve; we halted, and he silently and solemnly pointed across the street. Sure enough! There it was, the warehouse with a great stretch of dirty windows in front, through which we could see dozens of clerks bending over ledgers, just as though Mr. Dombey were momentarily expected. Over the door was a gilt sign: The Bombay Trading Co.

Bobby explained that it was all the same.

I did not care to go in, but at my request Hawkins entered and asked for Mister Carker, the Junior; but no one knew him.

Then we dropped in at The Silver

Shark, a little inn about the size of a large dust-bin of two compartments and a sifter. Here we rested a bit, as we had walked a long way.

The barmaid who waited upon us was in curl papers, but she was even then as pretty if not prettier than the barmaid at the public in Angel Court, and that is saying a good deal. She was about as tall as Trilby or Ellen Terry, which is a very nice height, I think.

As we rested, Mr. Hawkins told the barmaid and me how Rogue Riderhood came to this very public, through that same doorway, just after he had his Alfred David took down by the Governors Both. He was a slouching dog, was the Rogue. He wore an old sodden fur cap, winter and summer, formless and mangy ; it looked like a drowned cat. His hands were always in his pockets up to his elbows, when they were not reaching for something, and when he was out after game his walk was a half shuffle and run.

Hawkins saw him starting off this way one night and followed him—knowing there was mischief on hand—followed him for two hours through the fog and rain. It was midnight and the last stroke of the bells that tolled the hour had ceased, and their echo was dying away, when all at once——

But the story is too long to relate here. It is so long that when Mr. Hawkins had finished it was too late to reach Tavistock Square before dark. Mr. Hawkins explained that as bats and owls and rats come out only when the sun has disappeared, so there are other things that can be seen best by night. And as he did not go on until the next day at one, he proposed that we should go down to The Cheshire Cheese and get a bite of summat and then sally forth.

So we hailed a bus and climbed to the top.

"She rolls like a scow in the wake of a liner," said Bobby, as we tumbled into seats. When the bus man came up

the little winding ladder and jingled his punch, Hawkins paid our fares with a heavy wink, and the guard said, "Thank you, sir," and passed on.

We got off at "The Cheese" and settled ourselves comfortably in a corner.

The same seats are there, running along the wall, where Johnson, "Goldy," and Boswell so often sat and waked the echoes with their laughter. We had chops and tomato sauce in recollection of Jingle and Trotter. The chops were of the delicious kind unknown outside of England. I supplied the legend this time, for my messmate had never heard of Boswell.

Hawkins introduced me to "the cove in white apron" who waited upon us, and then explained that I was the man who wrote *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

He kissed his hand to the elderly woman who presided behind the nickle-plated American cash register. The only thing that rang false about the place was that register, perked up there spick span new. Hawkins insisted that it was a

typewriter, and as we passed out he took a handful of matches (thinking them toothpicks) and asked the cashier to play a tune on the thingumabob, but she declined.

We made our way to London Bridge as the night was settling down. No stars came out, but flickering, fluttering gaslights appeared, and around each post was a great, gray, fluffy aureole of mist. Just at the entrance to the bridge we saw Nancy dogged by Noah Claypole. They turned down towards Billingsgate Fish Market, and as the fog swallowed them, Hawkins answered my question as to the language used at Billingsgate.

"It's not so bloomin' bad, you know; why, I'll take you to a market in Islington where they talk twice as vile."

He started to go into technicalities, but I excused him.

Then he leaned over the parapet and spat down at a row-boat that was passing below. As the boat moved out into the

glimmering light we made out Lizzie Hexam at the oars, while Gaffer sat in the stern on the lookout.

The Marchioness went by as we stood there, a bit of tattered shawl over her frowsy head, one stocking down around her shoetop. She had a penny loaf under her arm, and was breaking off bits, eating as she went.

Soon came Snagsby, then Mr. Vincent Crummels, Mr. Sleary, the horseback rider, followed by Chops the dwarf, and Pickleson, the giant. Hawkins said there were two Picklesons, but I only saw one. Just below was the Stone pier and there stood Mrs. Gamp, and I heard her ask :

"And which of all them smoking monsters is the Anxworks boat, I wonder? Goodness me!"

"Which boat do you want?" asked Ruth.

"The Anxworks package—I will not deceive you, Sweet, why should I?"

"Why, that is the Antwerp packet, in the middle," said Ruth

"And I wish it was in Jonidge's belly, I do," cried Mrs. Gamp.

We came down from the bridge, moved over toward Billingsgate, past the Custom House, where curious old sea-captains wait for ships that never come. Captain Cuttle lifted his hook to the brim of his glazed hat as we passed. We returned the salute and moved on toward the Tower.

"It 's a rum place, let 's not stop," said Hawkins. Thoughts of the ghosts of Raleigh, Mary Queen of Scots, and Lady Jane Grey seemed to steady his gait and hasten his footsteps.

In a few moments we saw just ahead of us David Copperfield and Mr. Peggotty following a woman whom we could make out walking excitedly a block ahead. It was Martha intent on suicide.

"We 'll get to the dock first and 'ead 'er orf," said 'awkins. We ran down a side street. But a bright light in a little brick cottage caught our attention—men can't run arm in arm anyway. We forgot our

errand of mercy and stood still with open mouths looking in at the window at little Jenny Wren hard at work dressing her dolls and stopping now and then to stab the air with her needle. Bradley Headstone and Charlie and Lizzie Hexam came in, and we then passed on, not wishing to attract attention.

There was an old smoke-stained tree on the corner which I felt sorry for, as I do for every city tree. Just beyond was a blacksmith's forge and a timber yard behind, where a dealer in old iron had a shop, in front of which was a rusty boiler and a gigantic fly-wheel half buried in the sand.

There were no crowds to be seen now, but we walked on and on—generally in the middle of the narrow streets, turning up or down or across, through arches where tramps slept, by doorways where children crouched; passing drunken men, and women with shawls over their heads.

Now and again the screech of a fiddle could be heard or the lazy music of an

accordeon, coming from some "Sailors' Home." Steps of dancing with rattle of iron-shod boot heels clicking over sanded floors, the hoarse shout of the "caller-off," and now and again angry tones with cracked feminine falsettos broke on the air; and all the time the soft rain fell and the steam seemed to rise from the sewage-laden streets.

We were in Stepney, that curious parish so minutely described by Walter Besant in *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*—the parish where all children born at sea were considered to belong. We saw Brig Place where Walter Gay visited Captain Cuttle. Then we went with Pip in search of Mrs. Wimple's house, at Mill Pond Bank, Chink's Basin, Old Green Copper Rope Walk; where lived old Bill Barley and his daughter Clara and where Magwitch was hidden. It was the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a dark corner as a club for tomcats.

Then, standing out in the gloom, we

saw Limehouse Church, where John Rokesmith prowled about on a 'tective scent; and where John Harmon waited for the thirdmate Radfoot, intending to murder him. Next we reached Limehouse Hole where Rogue Riderhood took the plunge down the steps of Leaving Shop.

Hawkins thought he saw the Artful Dodger ahead of us on the dock. He went over and looked up and down and under an old upturned row-boat, then peered over the dock and swore a harmless oath that if we could catch him we would run him in without a warrant. Yes, we 'd clap the nippers on 'im and march him orf.

"Not if I can help it," I said. "I like the fellow too well." Fortunately Hawkins failed to find him.

Here it was that the Uncommercial Traveller did patrol duty on many sleepless nights. Here it was that Esther Summerson and Mr. Bucket came. And by the light of a match held under my hat we read a handbill on the brick wall:

"Found drowned." The heading stood out in big fat letters but the print below was too damp to read, yet there is no doubt it is the same bill that Gaffer Hexam, Eugene Wrayburn, and Mortimer Lightwood read, for Mr. Hawkins said so.

As we stood there we heard the gentle gurgle of the tide running under the pier, then a dip of oars coming from out the murky darkness of the muddy river: a challenge from the shore with orders to row in, a hoarse, defiant answer and a watchman's rattle.

A policeman passed us running and called back, "I say, Hawkins, is that you? Jack the Ripper is at it in Whitechapel again—The reserves have been ordered out!"

Hawkins stopped and seemed to pull himself together—his height increased three inches. A moment before I thought he was a candidate for fatty degeneration of the cerebrum, but now his sturdy frame was all a tremble with life.

"Another murder! I knew it. Bill Sikes has killed Nancy at last. There's fifty pun for the man who puts the irons on 'im—I must make for the nearest stishun."

He gave my hand a twist, shot down a narrow courtway—and I was left to fight the fog, and mayhap Jack the Ripper and all the wild phantoms of Dickens' brain, alone.

III.

A CERTAIN great general once said that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. Just why the maxim should be limited to aborigines I know not, for when one reads obituaries he is discouraged at the thought of competing in virtue with those who have gone Hence.

Let us extend the remark—plagiarize a bit—and say that the only perfect men are those whom we find in books. The receipt for making them is simple yet well worth pasting in your scrap-book. Take the virtues of all the best men you ever knew or heard of, leave out the faults, then mix.

In the hands of "the lady novelist" this composition, well molded, makes a scarecrow in the hair of which the birds

of the air come and build their nests. But manipulated by an expert a figure may appear that starts and moves and seems to feel the thrill of life. It may even take its place on a pedestal and be exhibited with other waxworks and thus become confounded with the historic. And though these things make the unskilful laugh, yet the judicious say, "Dickens made it, therefore let it pass for a man."

Dear old M. Taine, ever glad to score a point against the British, and willing to take Dickens at his word, says, "We have no such men in France as Scrooge and Squeers!"

But God bless you, M. Taine, England has no such men either.

The novelist takes the men and women he has known and from life plus imagination he creates. If he sticks too close to nature he describes, not depicts: this is "veritism." If imagination's wing is too strong, it lifts the luckless writer off from earth and carries him to an unknown

land. You may then fall down and worship his characters and there is no violation of the first commandment.

Nothing can be imagined that has not been seen; but imagination can assort, omit, sift, select, construct. Given a horse, an eagle, an elephant, and the "creative artist" can make an animal that is neither a horse, an eagle, nor an elephant yet resembles each. This animal may have eight legs (or forty) with hoofs, claws, and toes alternating; a beak, a trunk, a mane, and the whole can be feathered and given the power of rapid flight and also the ability to run like the east wind. It can neigh, roar, or scream by turn, or can do all in concert with a vibratory force multiplied by one thousand.

The novelist must have lived and the novelist must have imagination. But this is not enough. He most have power to analyze and separate, and then he should have the good taste to select and group, forming his parts into an harmonious whole.

Yet he must build large. Life size will not do: the statue must be heroic and the artist's genius must breathe into its nostrils the breath of life.

The men who live in history are those whose lives have been skilfully written. "Plutarch is the most charming writer of fiction the world has ever known," said Emerson.

Dickens' characters are personifications of traits, not men and women. Yet they are a deal funnier—they are as funny as a box of monkeys, as entertaining as a Punch and Judy show, as interesting as a "fifteen puzzle," and sometimes as pretty as chromos. Quilp munching the eggs, shells and all, to scare his wife, makes one shiver as though a Jack-in-the-box had been popped out at him. Mr. Mould the undertaker and Jaggers the lawyer are as amusing as Humpty Dumpty and Pantaloon: I am sure that no live lawyer ever gave me half the enjoyment that Jaggers has, and Dr. Slammers' talk is better medicine than the pills of any living M.D.

Because the burnt-cork minstrel pleases me more than a real "nigger" is no reason why I should find fault!

Dickens takes the horse, the eagle, and the elephant and makes an animal of his own. He rubs up the feathers, places the tail at a fierce angle, makes the glass eyes glare, and you are ready to swear that the thing is alive.

By rummaging over the commercial world you can collect the harshness, greed, avarice, selfishness, and vanity from a thousand men. With these sins you can, if you are very skilful, construct a Ralph Nickleby, a Scrooge, a Jonas Chuzzlewit, an Alderman Cute, a Mr. Murdstone, a Bounderby, or Gradgrind at will. A little more pride, a trifle less hypocrisy, a molecule extra of untruth, and flavor with this fault or that and your man is ready to place up against the fence to dry.

Then you can make a collection of all the ridiculous traits: the whims, silly pride, foibles, hopes founded on nothing and dreams touched with moonshine, and

you make a Micawber. Put in a dash of assurance and a good thimbleful of hypocrisy and Pecksniff is the product. Leave out the assurance, replacing it with cowardice, and the result is Dr. Chillip or Uriah Heap. Muddle the whole with stupidity and Bumble comes forth.

Then for the good people, collect the virtues and season to suit the taste and we have the Cheeryble Brothers, Paul Dombey, or Little Nell. They have no development, therefore no history—the circumstances under which you meet them vary, that 's all. They are people the like of whom are never seen on land or sea.

Little Nell is good all day long, while live children are good for only five minutes at a time. The recurrence with which these five-minute periods return determines whether the child is "good" or "bad." In the intervals the restless little feet stray into flower beds ; stand on chairs so that grimy dimpled hands may reach forbidden jam ; run and romp in

pure joyous innocence, or kick spitefully at authority. Then the little fellow may go to sleep, smile in his dreams so that mamma says angels are talking to him—(nurse says, wind on the stomach); when he awakens the five-minute good spell returns.

Men are only grown up-children. They are cheerful after breakfast, cross at night. Houses, lands, barns, railroads, churches, books, race-tracks are the playthings with which they amuse themselves until they grow tired and Death, the kind old nurse, puts them to sleep.

So a man on earth is good or bad as mood moves him; in color his acts are seldom pure white, neither are they wholly black, but generally of a steel grey. Caprice, temper, accident, all act upon him. The north wind of hate, the simoon of jealousy, the cyclone of passion beat and buffet him. Pilots strong and pilots cowardly stand at the helm by turn. But sometimes the south wind softly blows, the sun comes out by day, the stars at

night: friendship holds the rudder firm and love makes all secure.

Such is the life of man—a voyage on life's unresting sea; but Dickens knows it not. Esther is always good, Fagin is always bad, Bumble is always pompous, and Scrooge is always——Scrooge. At no Dickens' party do you ever mistake Cheeryble for Carker, yet in real life Carker is Carker one day and Cheeryble the next—yes, Carker in the morning and Cheeryble after dinner.

There is no doubt that a dummy so ridiculous as Pecksniff has reduced the number of hypocrites; and the domineering and unjust are not quite so popular since Dickens painted their picture with a broom.

From the yeasty deep of his imagination he conjured forth his strutting spirits; and the names he gave to each are as fitting and as funny as the absurd small-clothes and fluttering ribbons which they wear.

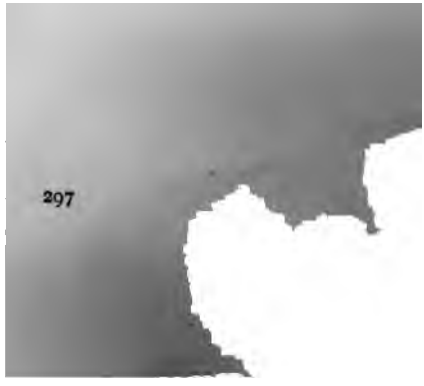
Shakespeare has his Gobbo, Touch-

stone, Simpcox, Sly, Grumio, Mopsa, Pinch, Nym, Simple, Quickly, Overdone, Elbow, Froth, Dogberry, Puck, Peasblossom, Taurus, Bottom, Bushy, Hotspur, Scroop, Wall, Flute, Snout, Starveling, Moonshine, Mouldy, Shallow, Wart, Bullcalf, Feeble, Quince, Snag, Dull, Mustardseed, Fang, Snare, Rumour, Tearsheet, Cobweb, Costard, and Moth, but in names as well as in plot "the father of Pickwick" has distanced the Master. In fact, to give all of the odd and whimsical names invented by Dickens would be to publish a book, for he compiled an indexed volume of names from which he drew at will. He used, however, but a fraction of his list. The rest are wisely kept from the public else, forsooth, the fledgling writers of penny-shockers would seize upon them for raw-stock.

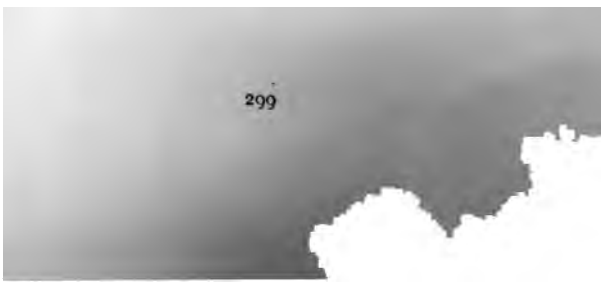
Dickens has a watch that starts and stops in a way of its own—never mind the sun. He lets you see the wheels go round, but he never tells you why the wheels go round. He knows little of

psychology—that curious, unseen thing that stands behind every act. He knows not the highest love, therefore he never depicts the highest joy. Nowhere does he show the gradual awakening in man of God-like passion—nowhere does he show the evolution of a soul; very, very seldom does he touch the sublime.

But he has given the Athenians a day of pleasure and for this let us all reverently give thanks.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH



JARVIS. A few of our usual cards of compliment—that 's all. This bill from your tailor; this from your mercer; and this from the little broker in Crooked Lane. He says he has been at a great deal of trouble to get back the money you borrowed.

HONEYDEW. But I am sure we were at a great deal of trouble in getting him to lend it.

JARVIS. He has lost all patience.

HONEYDEW. Then he has lost a good thing.

JARVIS. There's that ten guineas you were sending to the poor man and his children in the Fleet. I believe that would stop his mouth for a while.

HONEYDEW. Ay, Jarvis, but what will fill their mouths in the meantime?

The Good-Natured Man.



Oliver Goldsmith.



Oliver Goldsmith.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

I.

IRELAND has the same number of square miles as the State of Indiana; it also has more kindness to the acre than any other country on earth.

Ireland has five million inhabitants; once it had eight. Three millions have gone away, and when one thinks of landlordism he wonders why the five million did not go, too. But the Irish are a poetic people and love the land of their fathers with a childlike love, and their hearts are all bound up in sweet memories, rooted by song and legend into nooks and curious corners, so the tendrils of affection hold them fast.

Ireland is very beautiful. Its pasture

lands and meadow lands, blossom-decked and water-fed, crossed and re-crossed by never-ending hedgerows, that stretch away and lose themselves in misty nothingness, are fair as a poet's dream. Birds carol in the white hawthorn and yellow furze all day long, and the fragrant summer winds that blow lazily across the fields are laden with the perfume of fairest flowers.

It is like crossing the dark river called Death, to many, to think of leaving Ireland—besides that, even if they wanted to go they have n't money to buy a steerage ticket.

From across the dark river called Death come no remittances; but from America many dollars are sent back to Ireland. This often supplies the obolus that secures the necessary bit of Cunard passport.

Whenever an Irishman embarks at Queenstown, part of the five million inhabitants go down to the water-side to see him off. Not long ago I stood with

the crowd and watched two fine lads go up the gang-plank, each carrying a red handkerchief containing his worldly goods. As the good ship moved away we lifted a wild wail of woe that drowned the sobbing of the waves. Everybody cried—I wept too, and as the great black ship became but a speck on the western horizon we embraced each other in frenzied grief.

There is beauty in Ireland—physical beauty of so rare and radiant a type that it makes the heart of an artist ache to think that it cannot endure. On country roads, at fair time, the traveller will see barefoot girls who are women, and just suspecting it, who have cheeks like ripe pippins; laughing eyes with long, dark, wicked lashes; teeth like ivory; necks of perfect poise; and waists that, never having known a corset, are pure Greek.

Of course, these girls are aware that we admire them,—how could they help it? They carry big baskets on either shapely

arm, bundles balanced on their heads, and we, suddenly grown tired, sit on the bank-side as they pass by, and feign indifference to their charms. Once safely past, we admiringly examine their tracks in the soft mud (for there has been a shower during the night), and we vow that such footprints were never before left upon the sands of time.

The typical young woman in Ireland is Juno before she was married; the old woman is Sycorax after Caliban was weaned. Wrinkled, toothless, yellow old hags are seen sitting by the roadside, rocking back and forth, crooning a song that is mate to the chant of the witches in *Macbeth* when they brew the hell-broth.

See that wizened, scarred, and cruel old face—how it speaks of a seared and bitter heart! so dull yet so alert, so changeful yet so impassive, so immobile yet so cunning—a paradox in wrinkles, where half-stifled desperation has clawed at the soul until it has fled, and only dead

indifference or greedy expectation are left to tell the tragic tale.

"In the name of God, charity, kind gentlemen, charity!" and the old croon stretches forth a long bony claw. Should you pass on she calls down curses on your head. If you are wise, you go back and fling her a copper to stop the cold streaks that are shooting up your spine. And these old women were the most trying sights I saw in Ireland.

"Pshaw!" said a friend of mine when I told him this; "these old creatures are actors, and if you would sit down and talk to them, as I have done, they will laugh and joke, and tell you of sons in America who are policemen, and then they will fill black 'dhudeens' out of your tobacco and ask if you know Mike McGuire who lives in She-ka-gy."

The last trace of comeliness has long left the faces of these repulsive beggars, but there is a type of feminine beauty that comes with years. It is found only where intellect and affection keep step

with spiritual desire; and in Ireland, where it is often a crime to think, where superstition stalks, and avarice rules, and hunger crouches, it is very, very rare.

But I met one woman in the Emerald Isle whose hair was snow white, and whose face seemed to beam a benediction. It was a countenance refined by sorrow, purified by aspiration, made peaceful by right intellectual employment, strong through self-reliance, and gentle by an earnest faith in things unseen. It proved the possible.

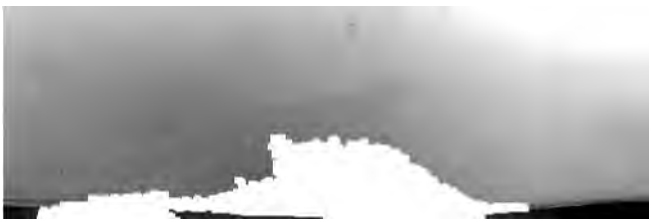
When the nations are disarmed Ireland will take first place, for in fistiana she is supreme.

James Russell Lowell once said that where the *code duello* exists, men lift their hats to ladies, and say "excuse me" and "if you please." And if Lowell was so bold as to say a good word for the gentlemen who hold themselves "personally responsible," I may venture the remark that men who strike from the shoulder are almost universally polite to strangers.

A woman can do Ireland afoot and alone with perfect safety. Everywhere one finds courtesy, kindness, and bubbling good cheer.

Nineteen-twentieths of all lawlessness in Ireland during the past two hundred years has been directed against the landlord's agent. This is a very Irish-like proceeding—to punish the agent for the sins of the principal. When the landlord himself comes over from England he affects a fatherly interest in "his people." He gives out presents and cheap favors and the people treat him with humble deference. When the landlord's agent goes to America he gets a place as first mate on a Mississippi River steamboat; and before the war he was in demand in the South as overseer. He it is who has taught the "byes" the villainy that they execute; and it sometimes goes hard, for they better the instruction.

But there is one other character that the boys look after occasionally in Ireland, and that is the "Squire." He is a merry



wight in tight breeches, red coat, and a number six hat. He has yellow side-whiskers and 'unts to 'ounds, riding over the wheat fields of honest men. The genuine landlord lives in London, the Squire would like to but cannot afford it. Of course, there are squires and squires, but the kind I have in mind is an Irishman who tries to pass for an Englishman. He is that curious thing—a man without a country.

There is a theory to the effect that the Universal Mother in giving out happiness bestows on each and all an equal portion —that the beggar trudging along the stony road is as happy as the king who rides by in his carriage. This is a very old belief, and it has been held by many learned men. From the time I first heard it, it appealed to me as truth.

Yet recently my faith has been shaken ; for not long ago in New York I climbed the marble steps of a splendid mansion and was admitted by a servant in livery who carried my card on a silver tray to

his master. This master had a son in the "Keely Institute," a daughter in her grave, and a wife who shrank from his presence. His heart was as lonely as a winter night at sea. Fate had sent him a coachman, a butler, a gardener, and a footman, but she took his happiness and passed it through a hole in the thatch of a mud-plastered cottage in Ireland, where, each night, six rosy children soundly slept in one straw bed.

In that cottage I stayed two days. There was a stone floor and bare whitewashed walls; but there was a rosebush climbing over the door, and within health and sunny temper that made mirth with a meal of herbs, and a tenderness that touched to poetry the prose of daily duties.

But it is well to bear in mind that an Irishman in America and an Irishman in Ireland are not necessarily the same thing. Often the first effect of a higher civilization is degeneration. Just as the Chinaman quickly learns big swear words,

and the Indian takes to drink, and certain young men on first reading Emerson's essay on *Self Reliance* go about with a chip on their shoulders, so sometimes does the first full breath of freedom's air develop the worst in Paddy instead of the best.

As one tramps through Ireland and makes the acquaintance of a blue-eyed broth of a "bye," who weighs one hundred and ninety, and measures forty-four inches around the chest, he catches glimpses of noble traits and hints of mystic possibilities. There are actions that look like rudiments of greatness gone, and you think of the days when Olympian games were played, and finger meanwhile the silver in your pocket and inwardly place it on this twenty year old, pink-faced, six-foot "boy" that stands before you.

In Ireland there are no forests, but in the peat bogs are found remains of mighty trees that once lifted their outstretched branches to the sun. Are these remains of stately forests symbols of a race of men that have, too, passed away?

Oliver Goldsmith

In any wayside village of Leinster you can pick you a model for an Apollo. He is in rags, is this giant, and cannot read, but he can dance and sing and fight. He has an eye for color, an ear for music, a taste for rhyme, a love of novelty and a thirst for fun. And withal he has blundering sympathy and a pity whose tears are near the surface.

Now, will this fine savage be a victim of arrested development, and sink gradually through the weight of years into mere animal stupidity and sodden superstition? The chances are that this is just what he will do, and that at twenty he will be in his intellectual zenith. Summer does not fulfil the promise of spring.

. But as occasionally there is one of those beautiful glowing Irish girls who leaves footsteps that endure (in bettered lives) instead of merely transient tracks in mud, so there has been a Burke, a Wellington, an O'Connell, a Sheridan, a Tom Moore and an Oliver Goldsmith.

II.

GOLDSMITH was an Irishman; Swift was an Englishman, who chanced to be born in Dublin. In comparing these men Thackeray says, "I think I would rather have had a cold potato and a friendly word from Goldsmith than to have been beholden to the Dean for a guinea and a dinner. No, the Dean was not an Irishman, for no Irishman ever gave but with a kind word and a kind heart."

Charles Goldsmith was a clergyman, passing rich on forty pounds a year. He had a nice little family of eight children, and what became of the seven who went not astray I do not know. But the smallest and homeliest one of the brood became the best loved man in London. These sickly boys who have been educated only because they were too weak to work—what a record their lives make!

Oliver Goldsmith

Little Oliver had a pug nose and bandy legs, and fists not big enough to fight, but he had a large head, and because he was absent-minded, lots of folks thought him dull and stupid, and others were sure he was very bad. In fact, let us admit it, he *did* steal apples and rifle birds' nests, and on "the straggling fence that skirts the way" he drew pictures of Paddy Byrne, the schoolmaster, who amazed the rustics by the amount of knowledge that he carried in one small head. But Paddy Byrne did not love art for art's sake, so he applied the ferule vigorously to little Goldsmith's anatomy, with a hope of diverting the lad's inclinations from art to arithmetic. I do not think the plan was very successful, for the pock-marked youngster was often adorned with the dunce cap.

"And, Sir," said Dr. Johnson, many years after, "it must have been very becoming."

It seems that Paddy Byrne "boarded round," and part of the time was under the roof of the rectory. Now we all know

that schoolmasters are dual creatures, and that once away from the school yard, and having laid aside the robe of office, are often good, honest, simple folks. In his official capacity Paddy Byrne made things very uncomfortable for the pug-nosed little boy, but, like the true Irishman that he was when he got away from the school-house, he was sorry for it. Whether dignity is the mask we wear to hide our ignorance, I am not sure, yet when Paddy Byrne was the schoolmaster he was a man severe and stern to view; but when he was plain Paddy Byrne he was a first-rate good fellow.

Evenings he would hold little Oliver on his knee, and instead of helping him in his lessons would tell him tales of robbers, pirates, smugglers,—everything and anything in fact that boys like: stories of fairies, goblins, ghosts; lion hunts and tiger killing in which the redoubtable Paddy was supposed to have taken a chief part. The schoolmaster had been a soldier and a sailor. He had been in many

lands and when he related his adventures no doubt he often mistook imagination for memory. But the stories had the effect of choking the desire in Oliver for useful knowledge and gave instead a thirst for wandering and adventure.

Byrne also had a taste for poetry and taught the lad to scribble rhymes. Very proud was the boy's mother, and very carefully did she preserve these foolish lines.

All this was in the village of Lissoy, County Westmeath, yet if you look on the map you will look in vain for Lissoy. But six miles northeast from Athlone and three miles from Ballymahon is the village of Auburn.

When Goldsmith was a boy Lissoy was:

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring the earliest visits paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed—
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please—

The Haunts of

How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made:
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree—
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.

In America when a "city" is to be started the first thing is to divide up the land into town lots and then sell these lots to whoever will buy. This is a very modern scheme. But in Ireland whole villages belong to one man and every one in the place pays tribute. Then villages are passed down from generation to generation and sometimes sold outright, but there is no wish to dispose of corner lots. For when a man lives in your house and you can put him out at any time, he is

much more likely to be civil than if he owns the place.

But it has happened many times that the inhabitants of Irish villages have all packed up and deserted the place, leaving no one but the village squire and that nice man, the landlord's agent. The cottages then are turned into sheep pens or hay barns. They may be pulled down or if they are left standing, the weather looks after that. And these are common sights to the tourist.

Now the landlord, who owned every rood of the village of Lissoy, lived in London. He lived well. He gambled a little, and as the cards did not run his way he got into debt. So he wrote to his agent in Lissoy to raise the rents. He did so, threatened, applied the screws, and—the inhabitants packed up and let the landlord have his village all to himself. Let Goldsmith tell:

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn:

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass overtops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

A titled gentleman by the name of Napier was the owner of the estate at that time, and as his tenantry had left, he in wrath pulled down their rows of pretty white cottages, demolished the schoolhouse, blew up the mill, and took all the material and built a splendid mansion on the hillside.

The cards had evidently turned in his direction, but anyway, he owned several other villages, so although he toiled not neither did he spin, yet he was well clothed and always fed. But my lord Napier was not immortal, for he died, and was buried;

and over his grave they erected a monument, and on it are these words: "He was the friend of the oppressed."

The records of literature, so far as I know, show no such moving force in a simple poem as the re-birth of the village of Auburn. No man can live in a village and illuminate it by his genius. His fellow-townsmen and neighbors are not to be influenced by his eloquence except in a very limited way. His presence creates an opposition, for the "personal touch" repels as well as attracts. Dying, seven cities may contend for the honor of his birthplace, or after his departure, knowledge of his fame may travel back across the scenes that he has known, and move to better things.

The years went by and the Napier estate got into a bad way and was sold. Captain Hogan became the owner of the site of the village of Lissoy. Now Captain Hogan was a poet in feeling, and he set about to replace the village that Goldsmith had loved and immortalised.

He adopted the name that Goldsmith supplied, and Auburn it is even unto this day.

In the village green is the original spreading hawthorn tree, all enclosed in in a stone wall to preserve it. And on the wall is a sign requesting you not to break off branches. Around the tree are seats. I sat there one evening with "talking age" and "whispering lovers." The mirth that night was of a quiet sort, and I listened to an old man who recited all of *The Deserted Village* to the little group that was present. It cost me six pence but was cheap for the money, for the brogue was very choice. I was the only stranger present and quickly guessed that the entertainment was for my sole benefit, as I saw that I was being furtively watched to see how I took my medicine.

A young fellow sitting near me offered a little Goldsmith information, then a woman on the other side did the same, and the old man who had recited suggested that we go over and see the ale-

house "where the justly celebhrated Docther Goldsmith so often played his harp so feelin'ly."

So we adjourned to The Three Jolly Pigeons—a dozen of us, including the lovers, whom I personally invited.

"And did Oliver Goldsmith really play his harp in this very room?" I asked.

"Aye, indade he did, yer honor, an' ef ye don't belave it, ye kin sit in the same chair that was his."

So they led me to the big chair that stood on a little raised platform, and I sat in the great oaken seat which was surely made before Goldsmith was born. Then we all took ale (at my expense). The lovers sat in one corner, drinking from one glass, and very particular to drink from the same side, and giggling to themselves. The old man wanted to again recite *The Deserted Village*, but was forcibly restrained. And instead, by invitation of himself, the landlord sang a song composed by Goldsmith, but which I have failed to find in Goldsmith's

works, entitled *When Ireland is Free.* There were thirteen stanzas in this song, and a chorus and refrain in which the words of the title are repeated. After each stanza we all came in strong on the chorus, keeping time by tapping our glasses on the tables.

Then we all drank perdition to English landlords, had our glasses refilled, and I was called on for a speech. I responded in a few words that were loudly cheered, and the health of "the 'Merican Nobleman" was drunk with much fervor.

The Three Jolly Pigeons is arranged exactly to the letter:

The whitewashed walls, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose.

And behold there on the wall behind the big oak chair are "the twelve good rules."

The next morning I saw the modest

mansion of the village preacher, "whose house was known to all the vagrant train," then the little stone church, and beyond I came to the blossoming furze, unprofitably gay, where the village master taught his little school. A bright young woman teaches there now, and it is certain that she can write and cipher too, for I saw "sums" on the blackboard, and I also saw where she had written some very pretty mottoes on the wall with colored chalk, a thing I am sure that Paddy Byrne never thought to do.

Below the school-house is a pretty little stream that dances over pebbles and untiringly turns the wheel in the old mill; and not far away I saw the round top of Knockrue hill, where Goldsmith said he would rather sit with a book in hand than mingle with the throng at the court of royalty.

Goldsmith's verse is all clean, sweet, and wholesome, and I do not wonder that he was everywhere a favorite with women. This was true in his very babyhood. For

he was the pet of several good old dames, one of whom taught him to count by using cards as object-lessons. He proudly said that when he was three years of age he could pick out the "ten spot." This love of pasteboard was not exactly an advantage, for when he was sixteen he went to Dublin to attend college, and carried fifty pounds and a deck of cards in his pocket. The first day in Dublin he met a man who thought he knew more about cards than Oliver did; and the man did; in three days Oliver arrived back in Sweet Auburn penniless, but wonderfully glad to get home and everybody glad to see him. "It seemed as if I'd been away a year," he said.

But in a few weeks he started out with no baggage but a harp, and he played in the villages and at the inns, and sometimes at the homes of the rich. And his melodies won all hearts.

The author of *Vanity Fair* says: "You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you.

Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon—only the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tent or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty."

III.

IN 1756 Goldsmith arrived in London ragged, penniless, friendless, and forlorn. In the country he could make his way, but the city was new and strange. For several days he begged a crust here and there, sleeping in the doorways at night and dreaming of the flowery wealth of gentle Lissoy, where even the poorest had enough to eat and a warm place to huddle when the sun went down.

He at length found work as clerk or porter in a chemist's shop, where he remained until he got money enough to buy a velvet coat and a ruffled shirt, and then he moved to the Bankside and hung out a surgeon's sign. The neighbors thought the little doctor funny, and the women would call to him out of the second story window that it was a fine day,

but when they were ill they sent for some one else to attend them.

Goldsmith was twenty-eight, and the thought that he could make a living with his pen had never come to him. Yet he loved books and he would loiter about bookshops, pricing first editions, and talking poetry to the patrons. He chanced in this way to meet Samuel Richardson, who, because he wrote the first English romance, has earned the title of Father of Lies. In order to get a very necessary loaf of bread, Dr. Goldsmith asked Richardson to let him read proof. So Richardson gave him employment, and in correcting proof the discovery was made that the Irish doctor could turn a sentence, too.

He became affected with literary eczema, and wrote a tragedy which he read to Richardson and a few assembled friends. They voted it "vile, demnition vile." But one man thought it was n't so bad as it might be, and this man found a market for some of the little doctor's

book reviews, but the tragedy was fed to the fireplace. With the money for his book reviews the doctor bought goose quills and ink, and inspiration in bottles.

Grub Street dropped in, shabby, seedy, empty of pocket but full of hope, and little suppers were given in dingy coffee houses where success to English letters was drunk.

Then we find Goldsmith making a bold stand for reform. He hired out to write magazine articles by the day; going to work in the morning when the bell rang, an hour off at noon, and then at it again until nightfall. Mr. Griffiths, publisher of the *Monthly Review*, was his employer. And in order to hold his newly captured prize, the publisher boarded the pock-marked Irishman in his own house. Mrs. Griffiths looked after him closely, spurring him on when he lagged, correcting his copy, striking out such portions as showed too much genius and inserting a word here and there in order to make a purely neutral decoction, which it seems

is what magazine readers have always desired. Occasionally these articles were duly fathered by great men, as this gave them the required specific gravity.

It is said that even in our day there are editors who employ convict labor in this way. But I am sure that this is not so, for we live in an age of competition, and it is just as cheap to hire the great men to supply twaddle direct as to employ foreign paupers to turn it out with the extra expense of elderly women to revise.

After working in the Griffith literary mill for five months, Goldsmith scaled the barricade one dark night, leaving behind, pasted on the wall, a ballad not only to Mrs. Griffiths' eyebrow, but her wig as well.

Soon after this, when Goldsmith was thirty years of age, his first book, *Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*, was published. It brought him a little money and tuppence worth of fame, so he took better lodgings, in Green Arbor Court, proposing to do great things.

Half a century after the death of Goldsmith, Irving visited Green Arbor Court:

"At length we came upon Fleet Market, and traversing it, turned up a narrow street to the bottom of a long, steep flight of stone steps called Breakneck Stairs. These led to Green Arbor Court, and down them Goldsmith many a time risked his neck. When we entered the Court, I could not but smile to think in what out-of-the-way corners Genius produces her bantlings. The Court I found to be a small square surrounded by tall miserable houses with old garments and frippery fluttering from every window. It appeared to be a region of washerwomen, and lines were stretched about the square on which clothes were dangling to dry. Poor Goldsmith! What a time he must have had of it, with his quiet disposition and nervous habits, penned up in this den of noise and vulgarity."

One can imagine Goldsmith running the whole gamut of possible jokes on

Breakneck Stairs, and Green Arbor Court, which, by the way, was never green and where there was no arbor.

"I've been admitted to Court, gentlemen!" said Goldsmith proudly, one day at The Mitre Tavern.

"Ah, yes, Doctor, we know, Green Arbor Court! and any man who has climbed Breakneck Stairs has surely achieved," said Tom Davies.

In 1760 Goldsmith moved to No. 6 Wine Office Court, where he wrote the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Boswell reports Dr. Johnson's account of visiting him there:

"I received, one morning, a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went to him as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my

guinea, and had half a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork in the bottle, desired he would be calm and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced for me. I looked into it and saw its merits; told the landlady I would soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money and he discharged the rent, not without rating his landlady for having used him so ill."

For the play of *The Good-Natured Man* Goldsmith received five hundred pounds. And he immediately expended four hundred in mahogany furniture, easy chairs, lace curtains and Wilton carpets. Then he called in his friends. This was at No. 2 Brick Court, Middle Temple. Blackstone had chambers just below, and was working as hard over his Commentaries as many a lawyer's clerk has done since. He complained of the abominable

noise and racket of "those fellows upstairs," but was asked to come in and listen to wit while he had the chance.

I believe the bailiffs eventually captured the mahogany furniture, but Goldsmith held the quarters. They are to-day in good repair, and the people who occupy the house are very courteous, and obligingly show the rooms to the curious. No attempt at a museum is made, but there are to be seen various articles which belonged to Goldsmith and a collection of portraits that are interesting.

When *The Traveller* was published Goldsmith's fame was made secure. As long as he wrote plays, reviews, history, and criticism he was working for hire. People said it was "clever," "brilliant," and all that, but their hearts were not won until the poet had poured out his soul to his brother in that gentlest of all sweet rhymes. I pity the man who can read the opening lines of *The Traveller* without a misty something coming over his vision :

Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

This is the earliest English poem which I can recall that makes use of our American Indian names:

Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound.

Indeed we came near having Goldsmith for an adopted citizen. According to his own report he once secured passage to Boston, and after carrying his baggage aboard the ship he went back to town to say a last hurried word of farewell to a fair lady, and when he got back to the dock the ship had sailed away with his luggage.

His wish was to spend his last days in Sweet Auburn:

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst those humble bowers to lay me down;

To husband out life's taper at its close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw.
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

But he never saw Ireland after he left it in 1754. He died in London in 1774, aged forty-six.

On the plain little monument in Temple Church where he was buried are only these words:

Here Lies Oliver Goldsmith.

Hawkins once called on the Earl of Northumberland and found Goldsmith waiting in an outer room, having come in response to an invitation from the nobleman. Hawkins having finished his business, waited until Goldsmith came out, as he had a curiosity to know why the Earl had sent for him.

"Well," said Hawkins, "what did he say to you?"

"His lordship told me that he had read *The Traveller*, and that he was pleased with it, and that inasmuch as he was soon to be Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and knowing I was an Irishman, asked what he could do for me!"

"And what did you tell him?" enquired the eager Hawkins.

"Why there was nothing for me to say, but that I was glad he liked my poem, and—that I had a brother in Ireland, a clergyman, who stood in need of help—"

"Enough!" cried Hawkins, and left him.

To Hawkins himself are we indebted for the incident, and after relating it Hawkins adds:

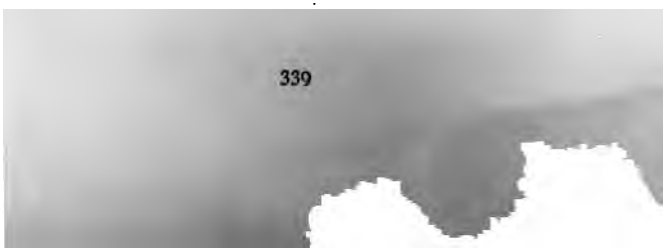
"And thus did this idiot in the affairs of the world trifle with his fortunes!"

Let him who wishes preach a sermon on this story. But there you have it! "A brother in Ireland who needs help—" The brother in London, the brother in America, the brother in Ireland who needs help! All men were his brothers,

and those who needed help were first in his mind.

Dear little Doctor Goldsmith, you were not a hustler, but when I get to Hades I 'll surely hunt you up !

SHAKESPEARE.

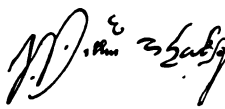


It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

As You Like It.









SHAKESPEARE.

I.

I HAVE been to the Shakespeare country several times, approaching it from different directions, but each time I am set down at Leamington. Perhaps this is by Act of Parliament; I do not know, anyway I have ceased to kick against the pricks and now meekly accept my fate.

Leamington seems largely under subjection to that triumvirate of despots, the Butler, the Coachman and the Gardener. You hear the jingle of keys, the flick of the whip, and the rattle of lawn mower; and a cold, secret fear takes possession of you—a sort of half-frenzied impulse to

flee before smug modernity takes you captive and whisks you off to play tiddledywinks or to dance the racquet.

But the tram is at the door—the outside fare is a penny, inside it 's two—and we are soon safe, for we have reached the point where the Leam and the Avon meet.

Warwick is worth our while. For here we see scenes such as Shakespeare saw, and our delight is in the things that his eyes beheld.

At the foot of Mill Street are the ruins of the old Gothic bridge that leads off to Banbury. Oft have I ridden to Banbury Cross on my mother's foot, and when I saw that sign and pointing finger I felt like leaving all and flying thence. Just beyond, settled snugly in a forest of waving branches we see storied old Warwick Castle, with Cæsar's Tower lifting itself from the mass of green.

All about are quaint old houses and shops, with red tiled roofs and little windows with diamond panes, hung on hinges, where maidens fair have looked

down on brave men in coats of mail. These narrow, stony streets have rung with the clang and echo of hurrying hoofs; the tramp of Royalist and Parliamentarian, horse and foot, drum and banner; the stir of princely visits, of mail coach, market, assize and kingly court. Colbrand, armed with giant club; Sir Guy; Richard Neville, king-maker and all his barbaric train trod these streets, watered their horses in this river, camped on yonder bank, or huddled in this castle yard. And again they came back when Will Shakespeare, a youth from Stratford, eight miles away, came here and waved his magic wand.

Warwick Castle is in better condition now probably than it was in the sixteenth century. But practically it is the same. It is the only castle in England where the portcullis is lowered at ten o'clock every night and raised in the morning (if the coast is clear) to tap of drum.

It costs a shilling to visit the castle. A fine old soldier in spotless uniform, with

waxed white mustache and dangling sword conducts the visitors. He imparts full two shillings' worth of facts as we go, all with a fierce roll of r's as becomes a man of war.

The long line of battlements, the massive buttresses, the angular entrance cut through solid rock, crooked, abrupt, with places where fighting men can lie in ambush, all is as Shakespeare knew it.

There are the cedars of Lebanon, brought by crusaders from the East, the screaming peacocks in the paved courtway, and in the Great Hall are to be seen the sword and accoutrements of the fabled Guy; the mace of the "King-Maker"; the helmet of Cromwell and the armor of Lord Brooke, killed at Litchfield.

And that Shakespeare saw these things there is no doubt. But he saw them as a countryman who came on certain fete days, and stared with open mouth. We know this, because he has covered all with the glamour of his rich, boyish imagination that failed to perceive the cruel mock-

ery of such selfish pageantry. Had his view been from the inside he would not have made his kings noble nor his princes generous; for the stress of strife would have stilled his laughter, and from his brain the dazzling pictures would have fled. Yet his fancies serve us better than the facts.

Shakespeare shows us many castles, but they are always different views of Warwick or Kenilworth. When he pictures Macbeth's castle he has Warwick in his inward eye:

This castle has a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses;
This guest of summer, the temple haunting marlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heavens breath
Smells wooingly here; no jetty, frieze,
Buttress nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt I have observed
The air is delicate.

Five miles from Warwick (ten if you believe the cab drivers) are the ruins of Kenilworth Castle.

In 1575, when Shakespeare was eleven years of age, Queen Elizabeth came to Kenilworth. Whether her ticket was by way of Leamington I do not know. But she remained from July 9th to July 27th, and there were great doings 'most every day, to which the yeomanry were oft invited. John Shakespeare was a worthy citizen of Warwickshire and it is very probable that he received an invitation, and that he drove over with Mary Arden, his wife, sitting on the front seat holding the baby, and all of the other seven children sitting in the straw behind. And we may be sure that the eldest boy in that brood never forgot the day. In fact, in *Midsummer Night's Dream* he has called on his memory for certain features of the show. Elizabeth was forty-one years old then, but very attractive and glib of tongue according to accounts.

No doubt Kenilworth was stupendous in its magnificence, and it will pay you to take down from its shelf Sir Walter's novel and read what he says of it.

But to-day it is all a crumbling heap; ivy, rooks and daws hold the place in fee and each is pushing hard for sole possession.

It is eight miles from Warwick to Stratford by the direct road but ten by the river. I have walked both routes and consider the latter the shortest.

Two miles down the river is Barford and a mile further is Wasperton, where there is a quaint old stone church. It is a good place to rest: for nothing is so soothing as a cool church where the dim light streams through colored windows, and out of sight somewhere, an organ softly plays.

Soon after leaving the church a rustic swain hailed me and asked for a match. This pipe and the Virginia weed—they mean amity the wide world over. If I had questions to ask now was the time! So I asked, and Rusticus informed me that Hampton Lucy was only a mile beyond and that Shakespeare never stole deer at all; so I hope we shall hear no more of that libelous accusation.

"But did Shakespeare run away?" I demanded.

"Ave coorse he deed, sir, 'most all good men 'ave roon away sometime!"

And come to think of it Rusticus is right.

Most great men have at some time departed hastily without leaving orders where to forward their mail. Indeed it seems necessary that a man should have "run away" at least once, in order afterward to attain eminence. Moses, Lot, Tarquin, Pericles, Demosthenes, St. Paul, Shakespeare, Rousseau, Voltaire, Goldsmith, Hugo—but the list is too long to give.

But just suppose that Shakespeare had not run away! And to whom do we owe it that he did leave—Justice Shallow or Ann Hathaway—or both? I should say to Ann first and His Honor second. I think if Shakespeare could write an article for *The Ladies' Home Journal* on "Women who have helped me," and tell the whole truth (as no man ever will in print), he would put Ann Hathaway first.

He signed a bond when eighteen years old agreeing to marry her; she was twenty-six. No record is found of the marriage. But we should think of her gratefully, for no doubt it was she who started the lad off for London.

That's the way I expressed it to my new-found friend and he agreed with me, so we shook hands and parted.

Charlcote is as fair as a dream of paradise. The winding Avon, full to its banks, strays lazily through rich fields and across green meadows, past the bright red-brick pile of Charlcote mansion. The river bank is lined with rushes and in one place I saw the prongs of antlers shaking the elders. I sent a shrill whistle and a stick that way, and out ran four fine deer that loped gracefully across the turf. The sight brought my poacher instincts to the surface, but I bottled them, and trudged on until I came to the little church that stands at the entrance to the park.

All mansions, castles and prisons in England have chapels or churches at-

tached. And this is well, for in the good old days it seemed wise to keep in close communication with the other world. For often, on short notice, the proud scion of royalty was compelled hastily to pack a ghostly valise and hie him hence with his battered soul; or if he did not go himself he compelled others to do so, and who but a brute would kill a man without benefit of the clergy! So each estate hired its priests by the year, just as men with a taste for litigation hold attorneys in constant retainer.

In Charlcote church is a memorial to Sir Thomas Lucy; and there is a glowing epitaph that quite upsets any of those taunting and defaming allusions in *The Merry Wives*. At the foot of the monument is a line to the effect that the inscription thereon was written by the only one who was in possession of the facts: Sir Thomas himself.

Several epitaphs in the churchyard are worthy of space in your commonplace book, but the lines on the slab to John

Gibbs and wife, struck me as having the true ring:

Farewell, proud, vain, false, treacherous world,
We have seen enough of thee:
We value not what thou canst say of we.

When the Charlcote mansion was built there was a house-warming and Good Queen Bess (who was not so awful good) came in great state; so we see that she had various calling acquaintances in these parts. But we have no proof that she ever knew that any such person as W. Shakespeare lived. However she came to Charlcote and dined on venison, and what a pity it is that she and Shakespeare did not meet in London afterward and talk it over!

Some hasty individual has put forth a statement to the effect that poets can only be bred in a mountainous country, where they could lift up their eyes to the hills. Rock and ravine, beetling crag, singing cascade, and the heights where the lightning plays and the mists hover are cer-

tainly good timber for poetry—after you have caught your poet, but nature eludes all formula. Again it is the human interest that adds vitality to art—they reckon ill who leave man out.

Drayton before Shakespeare's time called Warwick "the heart of England," and the heart of England it is to-day: rich, luxuriant, slow. The great colonies of rabbits that I saw at Charlcote seemed too fat to frolic, save more than to play a trick or two on the hounds that blinked in the sun.

Down toward Stratford there are flat islands covered with sedge, long rows of weeping-willows, low hazel, hawthorne, and places where "Green Grow the Rushes O." Then, if the farmer leaves a spot untilled, the dogrose pre-empts the place and showers its petals on the vagrant winds. Meadowsweet, forget-me-nots, and wild geranium smuggle themselves below the boughs of the sturdy yews.

The first glimpse we get of Stratford is

the spire of Holy Trinity; then comes the tower of the new Memorial Theatre, which, by the way, is exactly like the city hall at Dead Horse, Colorado.

Stratford is just another village of Niagara Falls. The same shops, the same guides, the same hackmen—all are there save poor Lo, with his beadwork and sassafras. In fact, a "cabby" just outside of New Place offered to take me to the Whirlpool, and the Canada side for a dollar. At least, this is what I thought he said. Of course, it is barely possible that I was day-dreaming, but I think the facts are that it was he who dozed, and waking suddenly as I passed gave me the wrong cue.

There is a Macbeth livery stable, a Falstaff bakery, and all of the shops and stores keep Othello this and Hamlet that. I saw briarwood pipes with Shakespeare's face carved on the bowl, all for one-and-six; feather fans with advice to the players printed across the folds; the *Seven Ages* on handkerchiefs and souve-

nir spoons galore, all warranted Gorham's best.

The visitor at the birthplace is given a cheerful little lecture on the various relics and curiosities as they are shown. The young ladies who perform this office are clever women with pleasant voices, and big starched white aprons. I was at Stratford four days and went just four times to the old curiosity shop. Each day the same bright British damsel conducted me through, and told her tale, but it was always with animation, and a certain sweet satisfaction in her mission and starched apron, that was very charming.

No man can tell the same story over and over without soon reaching a point where he betrays his weariness, and then he flavors the whole with a dash of contempt; but a good woman, heaven bless her! is ever eager to please. Each time when we came to that document certified to by "Judith $\underset{\text{Mark}}{\overset{\text{Her}}{\times}}$ Shakespeare," I was told that it was very probable that Judith

could write, but that she affixed her name thus in merry jest.

John Shakespeare could not write, we have no reason to suppose that Ann Hathaway could, and this little explanation about the daughter is so very good that it deserves to rank with that other pleasant subterfuge, "The age of miracles is past;" or that bit of jolly clap-trap concerning the sacred baboons that are seen about certain temples in India: "They can talk," explain the priests, "but being wise they never do."

Judith married Thomas Quiney. The only letter addressed to Shakespeare that can be found is one from the happy father of Thomas, Mr. Richard Quiney, wherein he asks for a loan of thirty pounds. Whether he was accommodated we cannot say; and if he was, did he pay it back, is a question that has caused much hot debate. But it is worthy of note that although considerable doubt as to authenticity has smooched the other Shakesperian relics, yet the fact of the poet hav-

ing been "struck" for a loan by Richard Quiney stands out in a solemn way as the one undisputed thing in the master's career. Little did Mr. Quiney think, when he wrote that letter that he was writing for the ages. Philanthropists have won all by giving money, but who save Quiney have reaped immortality by asking for it!

The inscription over Shakespeare's grave is an offer of reward if you do, and a threat of punishment if you don't, all in choice doggerel. Why did he not learn at the feet of Sir Thomas Lucy and write his own epitaph?

But I rather guess I know why his grave was not marked with his name. He was a play-actor, and the church people would have been outraged at the thought of burying a "strolling player" in that sacred chancel. But his son-in-law, Dr. John Hall, honored the great man and was bound he should have a worthy resting place; so at midnight, with the help of a few trusted friends, he dug the grave

and lowered the dust of England's greatest son. Then they hastily replaced the stones, and over the grave they placed the slab that they had brought:

> Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear,
> To dig the dust enclosed here,
> Blest be the man who spares these stones,
> And cursed be he who moves my bones.

A threat from a ghost! ah, no one dare molest that grave—besides they did n't know who was buried there—neither are we quite sure. Long years after the interment, some one set a bust of the poet, and a tablet, on the wall over against the grave.

Under certain circumstances, if occasion demands, I might muster a sublime conceit; but considering the fact that ten thousand Americans visit Stratford every year, and all write descriptions of the place, I dare not in the face of Badaeker do it. Further than that in every library there are Washington Irving, Hawthorne, and William Winter's three lachrymose but charming volumes.

And I am glad to remember that the Columbus who discovered Stratford and gave it to the people was an American; I am proud to think that Americans have written so charmingly of Shakespeare; I am proud to know that at Stratford no man besides the master is honored as Irving, and while I cannot restrain a blush for our English cousins, I am proud that over half the visitors at the birthplace are Americans, and prouder still am I to remember that they all write letters to the newspapers at home about Stratford-on-Avon.

II.

ENGLAND relegates her Poets to a "Corner." The earth and the fulness thereof belongs to the men who can kill; on this rock have her State and Church been built.

As the tourist approaches the city of London for the first time, there are four monuments that probably will attract his attention. They lift themselves out of the fog and smoke and soot, and seem to struggle toward the blue.

One of these monuments is to commemorate a calamity—the conflagration of 1666—and the others are in honor of deeds of war.

The finest memorial in St. Paul's is to a certain eminent Irishman, Arthur Wellesley. The mines and quarries of

earth have been called on for their richest contributions; and talent and skill have given their all to produce this enduring work of beauty, that tells posterity of the mighty acts of this mighty man. The rare richness and lavish beauty of the Wellington mausoleum are only surpassed by a certain tomb in France.

As an exploiter, the Corsican overdid the thing a bit—so the world arose and put him down; but safely dead, his shade can boast a grave so sumptuous that Englishmen in Paris refuse to look upon it.

But England need not be ashamed. Her land is spiked with glistening monuments to greatness gone. And on these monuments one often gets the epitomized life of the man whose dust lies below.

On the carved marble to Lord Cornwallis I read that "He defeated the Americans with great slaughter." And so, wherever in England I see a beautiful monument I know that probably the inscription will tell how "he defeated" somebody. And one grows to the belief

that, while woman's glory is in her hair, man's glory is to defeat some one. And if he can "defeat with great slaughter" his monument is twice as high as if he had only visited on his brother man a plain undoing.

In truth, I am told by a friend who has a bias for statistics, that all monuments above fifty feet high in England are to the honor of men who have defeated other men "with great slaughter." The only exceptions to this rule are the Albert Memorial, which is a tribute of wifely affection rather than a public testimonial, so therefore need not be considered here, and a monument to a worthy brewer who died and left three hundred thousand pounds to charity. I mentioned this fact to my friend, but he unhorsed me by declaring that modesty forbade carving truth on monuments, yet it was a fact that the brewer, too, had brought defeat to vast numbers and had, like Saul, slaughtered his thousands.

When I visited the site of the Globe

Theatre and found thereon a brewery, whose shares are warranted to make the owner rich beyond the dream of avarice, I was depressed. In my boyhood I had supposed that if ever I should reach this spot where Shakespeare's plays were first produced, I should see a beautiful park and a splendid monument; while some white-haired old patriarch would greet me, and give a little lecture to the assembled pilgrims on the great man whose footsteps had made sacred the soil beneath our feet.

But there is no park, and no monument, and no white-haired old poet to give you welcome—only a brewery.

"Ay, mon, but ain't ut a big un?" protested an Englishman who heard my murmurs.

Yes, yes, I must be truthful—it is a big brewery, and there are four big bull-dogs in the court-way; and there are big vats, and big workmen in big aprons. And each of these workmen is allowed to drink six quarts of beer each day, without

charge, which proves that kindliness is not dead. Then there are big horses that draw the big wagons, and on the corner there is a big tap-room where the thirsty are served with big glasses.

The founder of this brewery became rich; and if my statistical friend is right, the owners of these mighty vats have defeated mankind with "great slaughter."

We have seen that although Napoleon, the defeated, has a more gorgeous tomb than Wellington, who defeated him, yet there is consolation in the thought that although England has no monument to Shakespeare he now has the freedom of Elysium; while the present address of the British worthies who have battened and fattened on poor humanity's thirst for strong drink, since Samuel Johnson was executor of Thrale's estate, is unknown.

We have this on the authority of Walter Blackburn Harte, who says: "The virtues essential and peculiar to the exalted

station of British Worthy debars the unfortunate possessor from entering Paradise. There is not a Lord Chancellor, or Lord Mayor, or Lord of the Chamber, or Master of the Hounds, or Beefeater in Ordinary, or any sort of British bigwig, out of the whole of British Beadledom, upon which the sun never sets, in Elysium. This is the only dignity beyond their reach."

Mr. Harte is an honorable man, and I am sure he would not make this assertion if he did not have proof of the facts. So, for the present, I will allow Mr. Harte to go on his own recognizance, believing that he will adduce his documents at the proper time.

But still should not England have a fitting monument to Shakespeare? He is her one universal citizen. His name is honored in every school, or college of earth where books are prized. There is no scholar in any clime who is not his debtor.

He was born in England, he never was

out of England ; his ashes rest in England. But England's Budget has never been ballasted with a single pound to help preserve inviolate the memory of her one son to whom the world uncovers.

Victor Hugo has said something on this subject about like this :

Why a monument to Shakespeare?

He is his own monument and England is its pedestal. Shakespeare has no need of a pyramid ; he has his work.

What can bronze or marble do for him? Malachite and alabaster are of no avail ; jasper, serpentine, basalt, porphyry, granite : stones from Paros and marble from Cararra—they are all a waste of pains : genius can do without them.

What is as indestructible as these : *The Tempest*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Coriolanus?* What monument sublimer than *Lear*, sterner than *The Merchant of Venice*, more dazzling than *Romeo and Juliet*, more amazing than *Richard III.?*

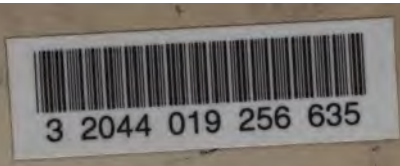
What moon could shed about the pile

a light more mystic than that of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*? What capital, were it even in London, could rumble around it as tumultuously as Macbeth's perturbed soul? What framework of cedar or oak will last as long as *Othello*? What bronze can equal the bronze of *Hamlet*?

No construction of lime, or rock, of iron and of cement is worth the deep breath of genius, which is the respiration of God through man. What edifice can equal thought? Babel is less lofty than Isaiah; Cheops is smaller than Homer; the Colosseum is inferior to Juvenal; the Giralda of Seville is dwarfish by the side of Cervantes; St. Peter's of Rome does not reach to the ankle of Dante.

What architect has the skill to build a tower so high as the name of Shakespeare? Add anything if you can to mind! Then why a monument to Shakespeare?

I answer, not for the glory of Shakespeare, but for the honor of England!



This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

DUE JAN -5 '34

DUE MAY 15 '35

DUE MAY 3 '38

DUE APR 22 '38

DUE MAY 14 '

FOR USE IN BUILDING

MAY 1 '59 H

CANCELLED

APR 15

WIDENER

MAR 0 7 1993

BOOK DUE